

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXV.—No. 645.

SATURDAY, MAY 15th, 1909.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½D.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



MISS ALICE HUGHES.

LADY EVELYN GUINNESS.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Evelyn Guinness	685, 686
The Need of Awakening	686
Country Notes	687
Stag-horn Chandeliers. (Illustrated)	689
The Cricket Season	690
Otter-hunting. (Illustrated)	691
Tales of Country Life: Love and Letters	695
The Irish Wolfhound. (Illustrated)	696
Forgotten Books	699
Dawn Upon the Hills	700
The Buried City of Koufig	701
Country Home: Parham Old Hall. (Illustrated)	702
In the Garden	706
Lesser Country Houses of To-day: III.—A Vicarage at Four Elms, Kent, Designed by Mr. M. Mabery Smith. (Illustrated)	708
Wild Country Life	710
Ornamental Geese. (Illustrated)	711
Literature	714
On the Green. (Illustrated)	716
Correspondence	718

Sweet Corn and its Preparation; *Stamane stabili* Snakes (Mr. J. Cleghorn); A Flamingo at Frensham (Mr. Hamman); Early Nesting of the Nightingale; The Black Redstart; Cray-fishing; An Outbreak of Trout Disease; Scum on Lakes; The History of a Horse; A Glut of Arum Lilies; The Oak and the Ash (Mr. W. B. Russell); Herdsmen at the "Bath and West" Show (the Secretary, Exeter V.M.C.A.); Tadpoles; An Aged Pensioner (Mr. V. P. Williams); Hiding Eggs; The Baobab (Mrs. Meinertshagen); Close Brooding (Mr. Walpole-Bond); A Duel (the Hon. Mrs. R. A. Campbell).

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

THE NEED OF . . AWAKENING.

IN our literature section this week there is a brief review of a book that has more than a merely literary importance. It contains the opinions of a friendly critic on the state of Great Britain to-day and a warning that, unless we rise to the occasion, the great Empire of which we form a part will soon go the way of Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Rome and the other mighty Empires of the past. The prophecy has often been made before, and perhaps for that very reason may fall on deaf ears. England in the past has often been threatened with annihilation. In the time of Queen Elizabeth a prophet might have been forgiven if he had foretold that in the course of a few years England would become only an appanage of Spain. So near as almost to be within living memory, there was a time when Napoleon Buonaparte fixed his ambition on the conquest of these shores, and we built Martello towers and formed regiments of yeomanry to withstand an onset that never was made, although the false alarm that caused the light to flash from a thousand bonfires in the year 1809 showed that it was believed to have come in earnest. History, however, does not show that the fall of a great nation has ever been entirely due to the hostility and covetousness of its neighbours. The state of society in all the Empires we have named was one of decay before the actual fall took place. Corruption and luxury took the place of the old strenuous fighting instinct; so that the muscles of the body politic, as it were, relaxed and grew limp. The question is, whether there are any indubitable signs of this process having begun already in the midst of the British Empire. It is a time, at any rate, for searching of heart, since there is no danger menacing us at the moment, or even imaginable, which we could not meet and overcome if we were prepared for it in the right spirit. But our American critic points out evidences of these very weaknesses. After giving the figures to which we have referred elsewhere, he shows that there must be a falling-off in the strenuousness of

Great Britain to account for the fact that we are not keeping pace with our closest rivals, the United States and Germany.

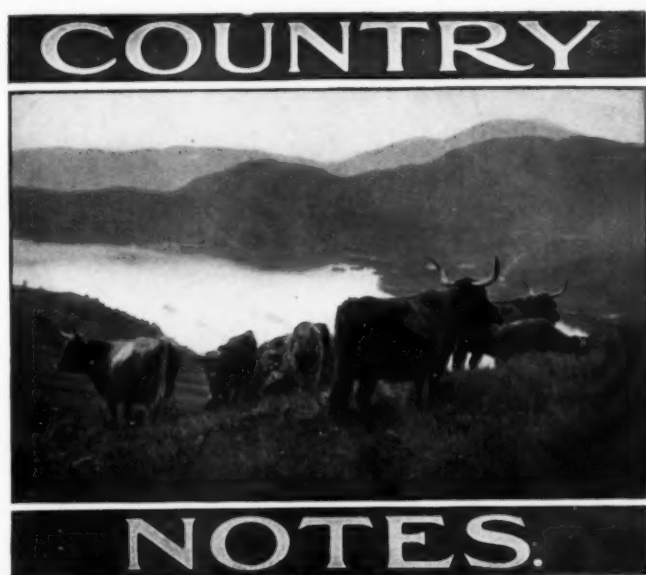
It would not appear that our people have recognised how greatly intensified the competition of the world has become during the last quarter of a century—to go no further back. Before that time we had, practically speaking, a monopoly of trade in many quarters of the globe, and no doubt vast riches were amassed in those times. The immense holding that England has in foreign securities may be traced to those years, when the foundation of so much wealth and prosperity was laid. To-day one of the distinguishing features of this country is the vast number of people in it who are sufficiently rich to live without following any occupation. In the United States, however wealthy a man may be, he is in the habit of training his son to a definite calling. Here, the Census shows that there are vast numbers returned as being of no occupation. Of course, no one either at home or abroad would say that leisure in itself had produced decay. On the contrary, it was found during the South African War that young men who had been accustomed to the greatest luxury and abundance joyfully laid aside all that was not essential to efficiency and displayed, as they ever have done, an amount of dash and bravery that could be excelled in no army under the sun. Our critic's point is rather that if idleness is allowed to go on for generations it will end in deterioration. He also points with alarm to the extraordinary attention paid to games and the energy devoted to them in this country. The football crowd, the cricket crowd, the racing crowd and the other crowds all come in for a little censure, more or less. We do not know, however, that this is any real defect. Englishmen have always been fond of outdoor pastimes. The legend which tells that Drake was playing bowls when the arrival of the Armada was announced is typical of the same English spirit that was exemplified in the Crimea when, in spite of their hardships, the young officers found time for hunting, racing and sparring. Much more is to be said in favour of the charge that we are not so keen on business as our forefathers were. It is much more likely that decay will set in from that quarter than from the addition of our young people to games which, after all, carry with them lessons in self-dependence and resourcefulness.

These are the very qualities which, in his opinion, our legislators are sacrificing in their insane endeavours to combine the duty of government with that of a charitable institution. There have been no other working men so strong and independent as our own in the days when each was allowed to work out his own salvation. But to some extent that independence was sapped when education was made free. It is threatened still more by the proposals to give children at elementary schools clothes, food and medical attendance. Women and men, too, should be taught to attend to their own little ailments, to depend on themselves and not on others. The provision of pensions for the aged is tending in the same direction. The movement in large part derived its strength from the hatred which the aged poor have for the workhouse; but that very hatred made many of them work and save when otherwise they would have spent their money thoughtlessly. It is not the cost in money of the Old Age Pensions that is doing the injury; it is the cost in those qualities of frugality and independence and foresight which are the making of any peasantry. It may be argued that this scarcely applies to those who have passed the three-score-and-ten limit, but already there is a strong agitation to reduce the age from seventy to sixty-five, or even to sixty. The present grant of a pension is accepted by the agitators only as an instalment of what can be demanded afterwards. And the slackness of which we have made complaint is by no means confined to any two classes. It may be traced in the actions of the Government itself. Every important work is put off from day to day on the shallowest excuse. The Government is supposed to be building Dreadnoughts, but no trace can be found of the orders they have given. The scheme of making a naval base at Rosyth is accepted, but not carried out. The building of vessels for the navigation of the air is put off with the excuse that we may be able later on to take advantage of the experience gained at great expense by foreign Powers. What all this points to is a falling-off in the national energy.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Guinness. Lady Evelyn is a daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and her marriage to the Hon. Walter Guinness, a son of Lord Iveagh, was celebrated in 1903.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



AS was only to be expected, there is a good deal of argument going on as to what is the best way to dispose of the £200,000 which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has allocated to the development of agriculture and forestry. Poultry-keepers have put in a claim for the establishment of a national school of poultry and for subsidising the lecturers and teachers. It is to be hoped that caution will be exercised in the expenditure of money in this way. Some of us have a very distinct remembrance of the craze that arose in the eighties for teaching dairy-work by means of itinerant lecturers. It would be interesting to calculate what vast total the sums of money thus expended reach and to compare it with the very slight results achieved. The science of dairy-keeping was advanced very little indeed by these methods, as little as the management of the household was advanced by the lecturers on domestic economy who at one time were circulated with equal freedom. There are many people always ready to advocate the endowment of lecturers, but experience shows that money spent in this way is not always a remunerative investment.

Another very doubtful method of spending money is that of paying lecturers to carry on experiments. As soon as an experimental station comes under official control, it is apt to be smothered in red tape. On the other hand, the Board of Agriculture might well spend money to the general benefit in subjecting discoveries that have a bearing on husbandry to adequate tests. For example, when the brothers Garton, after twenty years of assiduous labour, produced their new breeds of wheat, the Board of Agriculture, when offered the result of their discoveries, put in the plea that they had not funds wherewith to develop them, so this was left to private enterprise. If the Board had been in an efficient state it would have grown these wheats under normal conditions at an early stage and given a report upon them that would have shown their merits and demerits to every farmer in the country. In the same way, when the Americans and Germans began to work at the inoculation of the soil, our Department was too poor to conduct experiments on its own account, and begged for some of the inoculating material from America, applied it in the wrong way, and then sent out an utterly misleading report on it. There are independent workers at the present moment in the poultry industry whose methods are deserving at least of careful and keen scrutiny, a scrutiny that could not be given unless the methods were subjected to practical tests. Here, again, the Board is powerless for want of funds. Mr. Lloyd-George has not solved the problem therefore by setting aside a sum of money for the uses of the Board of Agriculture; the point is to see that the funds are as wisely and carefully expended as they would be in the hands of a great firm intent on making profits.

Some time ago, when commenting on the high price of wheat, we pointed out that it was an entire mistake to assume that the scarcity was artificial and due to the making of a corner. There was, no doubt, a considerable amount of speculation at Chicago; but those who took part in it did not come out so brilliantly as they expected. The prices fell and they were left with a large stock on their hands. If the scarcity had really been artificial, we should have expected the falling to continue. As a matter of fact, there has been a considerable recovery, and on Monday at Sleaford in Lincolnshire the price realised was 45s. This information is coupled with the announcement that the bakers are once more raising the price

of bread; it is being advanced 1d. per loaf in Wales on and after Monday next. At the moment it is difficult to forecast what prices will be later in the season, but there is no indication to show that wheat will be cheap within the present year. It will no doubt fall to some extent in September, especially if the home harvests are good; but that is an annual occurrence, which is discounted beforehand. The supply from India will be a short one, and it is yet a little early to speak definitely of the harvest in Canada, the United States and Russia.

We hope that a question will be asked in the House of Commons to elicit the facts in regard to the eviction of a farmer, which was referred to at the quarterly meeting of the East Riding County Council of Yorkshire. If the position has been correctly described, the Board of Agriculture has done a very unwise and unjust thing. The statement is that a farmer, Mr. Clark of Welwick, has been driven from his farm in order that it might be cut up into small holdings. He is said to be an industrious man and a good agriculturist. At any rate, there were not any arrears of rent or other cause for which tenants have at times to be got rid of. His patriotism was displayed during the Boer War when he raised a troop of yeomanry. He has been sixteen years on the farm and has spent a good deal of money on it. His eviction, therefore, calls for a most vigorous protest. The creation of small holdings is purely experimental, and it is outrageous that a good farmer should be driven from the land in order to make way for men who may or may not be successful.

Fruit-growers are at present in a state of anxiety. The orchards could not be prettier, nor could tree and bush hold forth more promise. Plums, pears and apples are equally profuse of blossom, and the gooseberry and currant bushes are laden with fruit already set. But the weather continues of an untrustworthy character. Those who are in town only know of the bright, sunny days, but residents in the country are aware that these are followed by nights of very keen frost. As long as the present dryness prevails no harm will be done, but if rain were to come without any increase of temperature, it would play havoc with the fruit prospects of the year. On the farm, too, it is noticed that scarcely anything is growing. The grass that gave a fine promise is now going back, and the corn crops make very little progress indeed.

GLEANERS.

Look you, how gently there behind the trees,
Dusk, like a reaper, lays his golden swathe,
Stays then his sickle that some gracious breeze
With her cool airs his tired arms may bathe.
Then, as he stoops once more, how soft and keen
The little stars come creeping out to glean.

H. H. BASHFORD.

In connection with vegetables, we have received a book of recipes from Mrs. Lionel Phillips, who is doing her best to popularise the growing of sweet corn in South Africa, and who was naturally interested in Mr. Robinson's directions for cultivating it in this country. The pamphlet is of a character to astonish the English reader. There are no fewer than a score of recipes for breakfast dishes alone to be made out of maize. They take the shape of mush, cakes, pancakes, griddle cakes, muffins, dodgers and so forth. Of luncheon dishes, recipes are given for ten, and there are fourteen for dinner dishes. We have not had the advantage of testing many of these preparations, but the majority look very interesting, and Mrs. Lionel Phillips is conferring a great boon on South Africa by preaching the gospel of sweet corn, even if her recipes are intended more for the wayfaring man than the epicure.

The evidence taken before the Committee on the Daylight Saving Bill is of a singularly contradictory character. The majority of fruit-growers, for example, say that the Bill would be of no use to them whatever, because their work is done at the earliest hours of the morning and those engaged in it are in many cases free early in the day. But an exception to the rule is to be found in the case of those who send their fruit to a distance, who, if all the trains were put forward an hour, would thus secure extra time for distribution in the evening. This was the view put forward by Mr. W. Berry, a large fruit-grower of Faversham in Kent. He says that a great deal of Kent fruit is now sent to the North of England, and consumers of fruit like to have it on the same day on which it is plucked. It could be sent, therefore, from Kent in the early morning and distributed in the great towns of the North during the evening. The only objection that one takes to the argument is that if the extra hour of daylight will extend the opportunity for the sale of fruit, it is obvious that the Daylight Saving Bill will have the opposite effect of that which was intended on those who are engaged in the retail fruit trade.

The system of open-air cages at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, for creatures hitherto regarded as too delicate to stand our climate, has so far worked marvellously well. And a noteworthy extension thereof has just been made in the erection of a series of large outdoor cages for the Birds of Paradise. These were tenanted for the first time on Saturday, and Fellows visiting the gardens on Sunday afternoon had a pleasant surprise. So far only four species have been turned out, those named respectively after Count Raggi, Lawes, Hunstein and the beautiful King-Bird of Paradise. The cages are all contrived so that the birds can obtain access to an indoor apartment at will, and are sufficiently large to encourage the hope that they may be induced to breed therein. If the subjects of this experiment thrive it is to be hoped that all the Birds of Paradise and their near allies, which are now well represented in the collection, will be similarly treated; but this will entail the construction of new cages, which, however, is not a very serious item.

It is announced that the Duke of Norfolk has presented Norfolk Park to Sheffield. This is a very beautiful open space, the value of which, if it were sold for building purposes, is reckoned to be about £1,000 an acre, so that the total value of the gift to Sheffield is identical with the sum received for the famous Holbein. It may be that this is merely a coincidence, but on the surface it looks rather as if the Duke of Norfolk thought that it was a greater service to give this beautiful park to Sheffield than to preserve a work of art that has a peculiar English interest. Whatever may be said in regard to this, it must be admitted that it is thoroughly English. As a nation we have always loved the open air more than the natives of any other country. It has been a reproach, on the other hand, that we have not bestowed that pious care on what may be called the heirlooms of the nation. For example, in Italy a law has been passed forbidding the sale of great works of art to foreigners, whereas many of our most beautiful possessions have passed over the Atlantic to become the property of rich Americans.

People who take an interest in the game of chess are wondering if it be true that a new prodigy has appeared. The history of the game in the past has been full of surprises. When the present champion, Dr. Lasker, appeared he was very young, and yet in his first match with the veteran Steinitz he showed himself the greatest player of the day. That is a good number of years ago now, and ever since he has held the position with apparent ease. Within the last few months, however, a great deal has been heard of a youth named Capablanca, from the Island of Cuba, who surprised those with whom he came in contact by his skill at the game. He won the championship of the island at the age of sixteen. For three years past he has been a student at Columbia University, New York, and has improved by practice with the members of the Manhattan and Brooklyn Chess Clubs. But all this has scarcely prepared us for the challenge he has issued to Mr. F. J. Marshall, who is not only the champion of America, but one of the most brilliant players in the world. Yet in the beginning of the match at least Mr. Marshall has been utterly worsted, since of the first six games three were drawn and three were won by Mr. Capablanca. Of course, Mr. Marshall may yet recover from this bad beginning, but it looks as though a player of extraordinary skill had made his appearance—a player whose style seems to bear a resemblance to that of the most illustrious American chess-players of the past, Paul Morphy.

We have lately been informed of the killing of a snake, an adder, in Ireland. This is, of course, a direct contravention of the edict of St. Patrick, who, as is well known, banished snakes from Ireland for all time. It is quite certain, however, that this wandering reptile was not native. It is morally sure that he was introduced with some plants. Not only is it intelligible that this should happen, but it must seem quite remarkable, on a little reflection, that many snakes should not have found their way into the island in the course of all the years in which there has been so much going to and fro of vessels and cargoes. That St. Patrick's edict should continue to have so much power is really the wonder. We have no real evidence even yet that the celebrated chapter about snakes in Ireland requires a word of addition to its brevity.

It is very evident that District Councils have not yet, in many places at least, learnt the truth which might be thought to be pretty obvious, that the motor does not wear out the "crown," as it is called, of a narrow road in the same way as it used to be worn by the hoofs of the horse which went down the middle while the wheel tracks kept to each side. It is a comment which does not apply at all in the same sense and degree to the County Council roads which are, generally speaking, much wider, so that the wear of motor traffic is not confined to two wheel ruts, as is practically the case on narrower roads. We see the employés

of the District Council working on these narrow roads quite in the old manner, treating the crown as if it were of the first importance and the side ruts only of secondary. If these ruts were properly attended to, and metalled with the most durable material to be procured, and the crown left with a coating of cheaper stuff, these roads would be both better in themselves and less expensive to the ratepayers.

The spring, so far as it has gone, has been one of peculiarly poor fortune for the early trout-fisher, and, in some degree also, for the salmon-fisher. It is mainly in Scotland and the hill districts of England that the trout-fishing can really be said to have begun. It ought to be coming to its best now in Scotland. But the Scottish rivers are just those which depend most on the rainfall for their regulation. Those coming from the deep springs in the chalk are far less immediately affected by it. And the rainfall this year has been distributed in exactly the least favourable way for fishing. In the first weeks rain was so incessant that rivers were kept in a chronic state of spate. Then they cleared and fell to a right height for angling, as the rainfall ceased at the beginning of May, but did not remain for any length of time in that condition.

OXFORD: ON THE CHERWELL.

Under the willows, drooping down,
The silent punt sped swiftly on;
Whilst o'er the fields and o'er the town
The great moon flashed and shone.

And Oxford, in a golden dream,
Lay girdled by her meadows deep,
Her flower-like steeples all agleam
And smiling in their sleep.

Then shy, delightful, laughing talk
Fell from their lips; beneath the trees
That murmured in the Magdalen Walk
And whispered to the breeze.

The morning's toil, the daily throng,
Seemed to them strange, a far-off thing,
For they had heard a haunting song
That once a god would sing:

And they had caught a glimpse of lands
Back o' the moon, and seen that light
Which holds shy lovers in its hands
And charms the groping night.

Under the willows, drooping down,
Ever the silent punt sped on;
Whilst o'er the fields and o'er the town
The great moon flashed and shone.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Every newspaper that we take up at the present moment contains something about aerial navigation. In the United States, in France and in Great Britain, more experiments are being conducted than is generally known. Germany, usually the most secretive of nations, is almost childishly proud of Count Zeppelin and his achievements. It is not generally so well known that Russia for a long time past has bent its energy to finding a solution of the problem of flight. An engineer who has been in the employment of the Government, and is at present in England on a holiday, tells us that the faith of the Russians in the possibility of an aerial navy is extraordinary. The Russian peasants, and even many of those above them, are very credulous and superstitious. Credence is given to a story that many years ago a soothsayer prophesied that Russia would be defeated by a new Empire in the East, and her battleships destroyed, but that the resuscitation of the Empire of the Czar would come through the construction of a navy that would operate in mid-air. This may look very childish at a distance, but it has the effect of finding for the Government of the Czar a strong popular support for the experiments.

Mr. Winston Churchill, answering Sir Gilbert Parker in the House of Commons on Monday night, pointed out that, under the new copyright law of the United States which comes into force on July 1st, 1909, the initial term of copyright of twenty-eight years remains unchanged, but that a further term of renewal has been increased from fourteen to twenty-eight years. Sir Gilbert Parker seemed to think that there was an inaccuracy in this deliverance, but it was in accord with the new Copyright Act of the United States. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and authors—who are the only artists whose work cannot be transmitted as a property to their distant heirs—can only hope that other countries will follow in the footsteps of America.

On the whole, the hunting season has been a fairly satisfactory one for most packs. There is rumour, however, of great shortage of foxes in the most Northern parts of England, where mange has worked its way up, and is

peculiarly hard to cope with, because the earthenware is so difficult to find in the wild hilly country. The root-and-branch policy is the only one in such cases—a destruction not only of the diseased foxes themselves, but also of the earthenware which they have been using. Then, with new earthenware and an importation of strong and healthy foxes from other

countries, it is wonderful how they pick up their numbers again in a few years. So bad did this scourge become at the end of the season that we heard of one pack in Northumberland having five blank days out of its last seven. But it is understood that the M.F.H. has the country well in hand, with all the earthenware located and destroyed and a new importation promised.

STAG-HORN CHANDELIERS.

FROM the specimens of the quaint and interesting chandeliers which form the subject of these illustrations, still to be found in museums and in old ancestral homes in the countries in which they were made, it appears that they were produced in Switzerland, South Germany and Austria at the same period—that is, between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. And as, at any rate in Switzerland, the production of them ceased after the middle of the seventeenth century, it is easy to realise that genuine specimens, or such as have not been "restored" out of all likeness to their original design, are at the present time rare to find and of very considerable value. Only a few months ago an incomplete German specimen—minus the horns—dating from the end of the fifteenth century, was sold at Munich for something just over £1,000; this rather exceptionally high price for a mutilated specimen was paid by a private collector at Frankfurt because of the rare beauty of the carving, the figure being attributed to the famous Bavarian sculptor, Riemenschneider.

In the countries where red deer were indigenous, their antlers, besides being displayed in the castles of the nobles as trophies of their hunting prowess, were early put to a variety of domestic uses, one of the most practical, as well as picturesque, being in connection with the sources of illumination. From being merely polished and made use of in their natural beauty of line and curve as chandeliers, it became the fashion to mount them on carved wooden figures or busts, which fashion, as will be seen from these illustrations, resulted in many cases in the production of very original and handsome lamps. The wood of the lime tree was almost invariably used for the carving of these figures, being of particularly fine and soft texture, besides hardening rapidly. Upon the completion of the carving, the wood was covered with a composition called "gesso," a kind of stucco, upon which the distemper colours, as well as the silver and gold used in the decoration of the figures, were laid, and for which it made such an entirely satisfactory foundation that good specimens of these carved wooden figures are as brilliant as if enamelled on metal.



A "WILD MAN."

The chandelier from the Supersax Palace is now in the Swiss National Museum at Zurich, having been acquired for that institution about ten years ago by the director, Herr H. Angst, who is one of the greatest living authorities on all Swiss antiquarian and archaeological subjects. This chandelier was bought for the Museum direct from the Supersax Palace at Sion in the Canton of Valais. It is of historical as well as antiquarian interest, for tradition in the Supersax family—in whose ancestral home it hung for over three centuries—has it that the bust it exhibits is the portrait of the young wife of George Supersax, a valiantly famous Swiss mercenary, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century. Of that period is the quaint

head-dress, which adds a touch of almost mediæval dignity and simplicity to the rather commonplace features of the child wife. This chandelier has never been restored in any way, and still hangs on the identical chain from which, for so many centuries, it adorned and illuminated the hall of the Supersax Palace.

The mid-sixteenth century chandelier on the next page is an old-time facsimile of a lamp belonging to the ancient Roman Catholic family Goeldli, who inhabited the small village of Rapperswyl at the southern end of the Lake of Zurich. The original lamp, curiously enough, is believed to be in the possession of a private collector in this country. The figure is evidently the portrait of a lady of high degree, attired in the Swiss national dress and head-dress of its period, about 1545. This bust is quite a work of art, the beautiful refined face and graceful lines of the matronly figure being executed in a masterly manner, as delicate as powerful. The pose is life-like, the hands are beautifully carved, while the expression on the face is benevolent and dignified. The lady displays a shield, on which the arms of her own



ONCE IN THE SUPERSAX PALACE: XV.—XVI. CENT.



EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

and her husband's family are emblazoned—Goeldli impaling Mumpratt. This chandelier now hangs also in the Swiss National Museum at Zurich.

The original of the "Wild Man" is of the sixteenth century, from the Canton of Lucerne, and is in the possession of Professor Haab, a distinguished amateur collector of Zurich. The figure represents one of a species of "wild man," legendary personages supposed to have inhabited the country—probably its mountain torrents—in very dim and remote ages. "Wild men" are added as supporters to the arms of several ancient Swiss and German families—sometimes also of municipalities, as, for example, one of the most ancient of the three countries now comprised in the Canton of Grisons, whose arms are two "wild men"—as symbols of their remote antiquity. These mythical personages are usually depicted (as in our illustration) as being armed with clubs, generally of a rough and-ready, primitive description, a sapling torn up, roots and all.

The chandelier dated from the beginning of the seventeenth century was made in the Canton of Zurich, and is now in the private collection of Sir Henry Angst in that place. It is an extremely decorative bust of a comely young woman, possibly intended to represent Ceres. The coat of arms it bears is so far an unknown one to its discoverer and possessor. This bust has been repainted, though



EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

not in very recent times, and the whole chandelier is in an excellent state of preservation.

The one we show last is also of the seventeenth century, made in the Canton of St. Gall. The figure seems to be intended as symbolical of war, the gesture of the hand signifying either blessing—in which case, however, it is generally the left hand that makes the sign—or a call to arms; and, as the rather forbidding-looking lady is armed cap-à-pie, we may presume the latter interpretation is that to be taken.

A very fine specimen of stag-horn lamp, of which I have not up to now been able to obtain a photograph, hangs in the municipal building of the ancient town of Rheinfelden, in the Canton of Argovie. It dates from the end of the fifteenth century, and represents a splendidly-carved griffin holding a shield, on which are emblazoned the arms of the town. It is specially interesting as being one of the few specimens of these chandeliers still to be found in the place for whose decoration it was designed.

ISABELLA ST. JOHN.

THE CRICKET SEASON.

DELIGHTFUL May has given the teams an excellent start and, as far as one can judge, the season promises to be a most interesting and exciting one. The outstanding feature, of course, is the play of the Australian team, which already has been to some extent tested against Nottinghamshire.

They won in a manner that augurs well for the success of the tour. Although they lost the toss, they made in the first innings a score of 389, of which Mr. Trumper made 94 and



MID-SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Mr. Armstrong 106. The Nottinghamshire men did not make as good a fight as might have been expected. It is true that Mr. Jones was in first-rate form, and began the season with a not-out innings of 125, but the rest did not do anything extraordinary. J. Gunn made 37 and Wass 31 in the first innings, while in the second innings Alletson, the Welbeck professional, ran up a score of 31, a run more than was made by Mr. Jones. This is a good beginning for Australia, but there was a great deal in their favour. In the first place, they had the advantage of beginning in the dry weather which is most suitable to them; and in the second place, Nottinghamshire did not do themselves justice with the ball. Nevertheless, they have good reason to be satisfied with the start. In the county matches, Yorkshire and Surrey have both done well. The champions won their first match with very great ease. In their second endeavour they did not do more than draw with Northampton, a result that seems to have been in a measure due to their own want of enterprise, as on a run-getting wicket they did not at all answer the expectations. A good feature of the match was the proof it afforded that Hirst is already in his best form, as he made 140. So was Wilkinson, who

had 89 to his credit. Surrey have opened their season in first-rate style. In their second match they defeated Hampshire by an innings and no fewer than 468 runs, they having compiled the enormous total of 742 runs. The heroes of the day were Hobbs and Hayes, one of whom made 205 and the other 276. If this is to be a true indication of their batting form, it is evident that they mean to make a strong bid for the championship this year. Their weak point is probably their bowling; but still Hitch and Walter Lees and Mr J. N. Crawford ought very nearly to do what is required of them. He would be a rash prophet who tried to forecast the results of the cricket season in the merry month. This year has been marked by delightfully fine weather at the opening, and it came after a dry period, so that grounds were as good as they often are at Midsummer. But our capricious climate, if it be constant in nothing else, is at least



STAG-HORN CHANDELIER: SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

innings realised 400 runs. The best score was 148, made by Mr. C. E. Squire, ably seconded by Mr. A. G. Wilson, who scored 110 by vigorous hitting.

constant in change, so that the sunshine of the present may soon enough be followed by pouring rain, which would lead to a complete reversal of the present conditions, and probably cause quite a different set of players to come to the front. Another of the events of last week ought not to pass without comment, and this was the Freshmen's match played at Oxford. Mr. Lowe's side made 341 in the second innings, but the match eventually ended in a tie, and the scoring on the whole did not create the impression that any very extraordinary player has yet made his appearance.

The Freshmen's match at Cambridge began on Monday—a week later than the customary date. The weather was cold, but the wicket perfect. There was some good

batting, as it will be seen that the first

OTTER-HUNTING.

WE have entered on one more otter-hunting season—the variety sport of venery. It is an ancient sport—a sport which Turberville, so early as 1576, required “great cunning.” The changes that have taken place are often deeply regretted, and these days are referred to as degenerate. Possibly they are in some respects, and possibly, too, the evolution is to be regretted; but one thing is certain—the sport is much purer; that is, there is less desire for mere blood and the animal hunted is given much fairer play. In the days of Turberville and much later, the chief desire seemed to be to kill the animal by fair means or foul, and especially does this seem to have been so in the case of the otter. Indeed, one song of comparatively recent date has it:

That crowd of young sportsmen,
how brisk they appear,
With their sharp pointed spears
raised on high,
To dart at the otter that wantons
so near;
For 'tis meet that the tyrant should
die.

Nowadays the spear, the net and such implements are no longer employed in connection with the sport, and far more reliance is placed in hounds than was the case years ago. Once a pack was hunted wherever an otter could be found, and as lately as fifty or sixty years ago hounds were trencher-fed. Anyone and everyone encouraged the hounds, and

particularly the member of the pack they themselves walked, while “the varlets of the kennel,” as Turberville calls them,

were employed to do the work now expected of hounds. There is no doubt that the otter-hound of to-day is a very much better animal than that of a hundred years ago in every way, and much more is expected of him than in the days of yore. Much more dependence is placed on science nowadays and far less upon human strategy and accuracy of aim. In different language, the Master of Otter-hounds (who in most cases is his own huntsman) could frequently kill his otter when he has him at a disadvantage, but prefers to wait till he can account for him fairly and squarely or leave him for another day. Not so our forbears. They were not backed up by their hounds as well as we are to-day, and never lost an opportunity of surrounding, cutting off and killing their quarry. Some of them were wonderfully accurate in their aim with the spear, and anyone was at liberty to bring a hunt to a termination when the opportunity offered itself. To illustrate how essential it is to have hounds well bred and well trained, if the otter is to be hunted, it may be mentioned that the Rev. Jack Russell walked over a thousand miles with his pack in Devonshire before he killed an otter, nor did he succeed in enjoying any sport until he secured a hound which had been entered to otter and knew its business. Miss Alys Serrell, in the



RUSHING UP THE RIVER BANK.



IN HOT PURSUIT.

same county, had endless sport with a pack of terriers hunting on the river Lyd; but it must be remembered that the terrier is a much more adaptable animal than the hound. They were shown a tame otter and encouraged to its line around a pond ere they were asked to hunt the animal. Even then they occasionally ran (and in the absence of sign of otters were allowed to run) riot after polecat and rats. I may possibly be allowed to divert for a moment to say that the late Mr. Frank Wybergh (who died in March last) frequently hunted the otter and polecat in Westmorland and Cumberland, while there is now a pack in Ireland which hunts this little animal's smaller relation the weasel.

Otter-hunting is essentially the sport of the enthusiast. By otter-hunting I mean starting the day with hounds and ending it with them, and following with pleasure and interest their doings. It lacks the pageantry and luxury of fox-hunting, it lacks the pace, the personal competition and consequently some of the excitement, but it has fascinations all its own, and these in recent years have appealed to an increasing number of both sexes. Again, to compare the sport with that of years ago, it is much more self-contained. The old squirearchy followed each sport as it

he is left helpless in the wake of the hunt. Not so with otter-hounds. The real enthusiast cares not how fast



A STOP.

or how far the pack may go; he is with them or near them, obtaining the while quite as much enjoyment and excitement in scrambling over fences and overcoming obstacles as does the fox-hunter during a fast run. The fact that the otter-hunter sees so much of the actual science of hunting the otter and is in such close contact with hounds the whole while gives him a far greater opportunity of becoming conversant with his sport and the wiles of the animal hunted than those have who follow the contemporary winter sport with the fox. The probability is that the average otter-hunter is a more "knowledgeable" man than the average fox-hunter, and it is equally probable that he is willing to pay a much higher price in the way of inconvenience and expenditure of personal energy to enjoy his sport than the last-mentioned.

Devonshire and Scotland may be looked upon as the "shires" of the otter-hunting world. Both have long been famed for sport, and the latter more particularly for the breeding of otter-hounds. Mrs. Cheape, so well known in



A LIKELY PLACE.

sporting circles as "The Squire," told me an interesting experience she had on the Isle of Mull, off the Coast of Scotland. A great many otters come into the rivers and beckes there from the sea, and Mrs. Cheape, who owns an estate on the island, brought some hounds from Worcestershire to hunt them. The Mull folk had never seen a pack of hounds before, and when they heard them running ran into their houses and barred the doors. A great number of otters are shot on these islands, and their skins sold, while several of the Highlanders have shown me sporrans made of them. It is to be regretted that the otter meets with such short shrift in many parts of the country where not hunted (and it is to be feared where hounds do exist too), for he is not nearly so guilty of damage as is supposed. Of course, it is as a rule only those who know something of his habits who become aware of his presence, so careful is he to remain unobserved by man. The same may be said of badgers.

Those who are ever watchful for signs of the fox or other interesting fauna will often observe signs of them if they exist in the locality, though they may not see them. I could mention many instances of those living quite near the haunts of badgers and otters who yet have never seen one of either species. I remember, some years ago, a Cleveland farmer, whose land was watered by a river much used by otters (the Leven), finding one of these animals fast in a rabbit trap he had set near or on the river bank. He had not the slightest idea what it was, and, after some difficulty, stunned it, removed the trap, placed a strap round its neck and carried it home. Farmers for miles around came to see



UNDER THE BRIDGE.

this strange animal, but not till an otter-hunting son of the soil appeared was it classified. It was then fed on

bread and milk, small fish placed in a tin of water and, if I remember rightly, frogs. It is those connected with preserved waters and who understand the ways of the otter who are able to cause so much destruction among them, but since otter-hunting became more popular otter-killing has not been so common. There are probably more otters in England than anyone imagines, and from reports to hand it would seem that in most countries there is every prospect of good sport being enjoyed.

I am inclined to think that our forbears were right in beginning very early in the morning, both with the fox and the otter, or going to the other extreme (as is sometimes done yet in Scotland) and hunting in the moonlight. It was possible then to run the drag of the otter, a form of sport not so much appreciated nowadays. The lateness of the fixtures is owing more to the difficulty the followers of the chase find in getting to the meeting-place by four or five in the morning than to the affection for bed on the part of the officials. The Master of Hounds is much more a public servant than was his contemporary of years ago who owned the pack and met when and where best suited his own convenience. One day's hunting was frequently ended by a dinner at which the next was arranged, the Nimrods frequently spending the interim together over the bottle.

J. FAIRFAX BLAKEBOROUGH.



SWIMMING THE STREAM.

W. H. Wainwright.

Copyright



HOMEWARDS



A. N. Marriage.

Copyright.

LIFE AND THOUGHT HAVE GONE AWAY
SIDE BY SIDE,
LEAVING DOOR AND WINDOWS WIDE;
CARELESS TENANTS THEY!



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

LOVE AND LETTERS.

BY

A. E. JACOMBE.



IT was forty years since they had met, forty years since they had quarrelled and parted. It was such a little quarrel too—just a quick word, a jealous retort, and then a sudden flame of anger. It was all about nothing, and Rachel had felt sure he would come back the next day and make it up; and so she sat by the window waiting for him all the morning, and all the weary afternoon.

It had been just such a hot summer's day forty years ago as it was now. She had sat looking out on the London square as she was doing now; lately she spent most of her time at the window. The noises of the town rolled beyond the square; they were louder to-day than they were when she had waited for John. The sun beat upon the pavement and on the dingy houses opposite, and the trees threw wavering shadows on the grass. Nothing was changed, only the old houses were duller and dirtier, except where, here and there, one had been painted into evanescent freshness. She remembered how she had watched each passer-by who came into sight, thinking each one must be John, and how at last, towards dusk, his brother Edmund came along the street. She saw him mount the house steps, she heard him ring; even now she recalled the fever of suspense with which she waited for the maid to open the door. She dared not go herself; that would be to betray her secret. Edmund would come in . . . no, he was going away again; but he must have brought some message.

The servant brought in an old book. Mr. Edmund had left it, she said. "Is that all?" Rachel asked.

Yes, that was all, only the old, brown book. As Rachel took it she saw it was an old work which John had praised, and so she had asked him to lend it to her. But why had he sent it now? Then she noticed that a page was turned down and some words underlined. She read them and hope died in her heart.

"A woman's tongue her true self quick will tell. Now know I thine, so bid my love farewell!" That was the message; a cruel and biting one. John was tired of her, and had made their petty quarrel a pretext for parting. He had never loved her; surely he had never loved her! The old sorrow was alive in her breast to-day as it had been forty years ago.

She had lived on in the grim house after her parents' death alone with her two maids, seeing, at long intervals, some distant relative or old school friend. But most of them were dead now, and year by year her loneliness increased. She knew that soon after John sent her his message he had gone abroad for some years, but he was home again now. By chance, lately, she had heard that he was back in the rooms he had shared with his brother in the days when she had thought he had loved her. Perhaps it was that news, heard by hazard, that brought the dead days back so freshly to her mind, that and the hot June sunshine, and the blue shadows of the houses as they slanted across the pavements. She had watched Edmund step from sunshine into shade as he went down the street while she clasped the little book. Or it may have been the soft air blowing in at the window that made her think of her youth.

The book where his cruel message was entombed was still where she had thrust it, in the bookcase at the end of the dusky parlour. She had never touched it since. She had shrunk from it.

Now she rose and crossed the room. The little book was in the darkest corner, but she found it at once and carried it to the window. There was the turned-down page, the creased leaf was pressed into the next, and there was the pencil mark, faint now, drawn under the lines.

The book fell from her hand as she gazed out across the sunny square. Her eyes were not too old for tears, and through her tears she saw her lost youth and her wasted love.

The book had fallen open on the ground. As she stooped to pick it up she saw that a letter was tucked between its pages, a letter to her, in her lover's writing. The paper was brown and the ink faded, but, as she read it, her youth came back to her and her blood ran swiftly through her veins.

"Dearest Rachel," said the letter, "How can you forgive me for hurting so sweet a thing as you? I am not worthy to ask your pardon, and yet I cannot live without it. I am not fit to speak to you, and yet I love you! So forgive me, because I've grace enough to love you, and send me word by Edmund, who is in our secret, where I may meet you. If there is no message I shall know that my love is greater than yours and that I have offended beyond forgiveness, or that my foolish jealousy had some foundation. But that cannot be. Edmund bids me distrust all women, but I laugh at him, for you love me. I put this letter in the book you wanted to read so that your mother may not be vexed with us, for I fear she does not love me over-much. I would bring it myself, but I dare not come into your presence without the surety of forgiveness, and Edmund offers to take it for me. I shall wait here in sick impatience until I get your answer, torturing myself with the fear of unforgiveness . . . or of a happy rival. Your lover, John."

This dear letter had been waiting for her while the long days were passing. It was Edmund who had done her the wrong. It was he who had marked the words that had ended her happiness, and then he must have salved his conscience by leaving the letter in the book for her to find or not, as chance would have it. He had never been her friend. He had been ambitious for John, and had wanted him to marry a wealthier wife. And John had believed himself unforgiven. . . . But it was not too late. There might still be happiness for them both. He had not married. He, too, had been true.

A few minutes later she was in the streets and hurrying through the crowds. People turned to look after the neat, elderly lady who passed so quickly and with such gladness in her face. But, as she went along, she only saw the friends she had known years ago.

Soon she reached the door of John's chambers; she had been there once with her father. There was his name, "John Meredith," painted on the doorpost. A servant answered her impatient knock.

"Mr. Meredith is in, but he is busy," said the man.

"He will see me," she replied. "Please let me pass."

The man, wondering, stood aside, and offered to open the inner door. "No, I will announce myself," said Rachel.

She opened the door very softly. At last her lover was before her. He was bending over some books and had not heard her enter. He was greyer, thinner, more bent than in the old days; but her eyes gazed on her young lover, on the handsome youth who had wooed her, and were blind to the grey hairs. She laughed to herself as she imagined his glad surprise when he turned and saw her. "John!" she cried.

He started, and, seeing a lady, rose with a look of vague wonder. He had been absorbed in a black-letter psalter. "You wish to see me? I fear there is some mistake. . . ." And he waited, his hand on the back of his chair.

"Don't you remember me?" she asked, incredulously.

He shook his head. "You must pardon me, madame, I cannot recall you."

"Have you forgotten Rachel? Rachel Hastings?" There was a shade of reproach in her voice, the echo of her maiden coquetry.

"Ah! Miss Hastings? Yes, yes; now I remember. It is so long since we met that I hope my discourtesy may be overlooked?"

"It was not always Miss Hastings, John," she said, softly.

"Miss Rachel, then, if you will allow me. Pray sit down and tell me how I can serve you."

She took the chair he offered her. He was angry still, she thought; he had not forgiven her heartlessness; but when he knew. . . . "I came to tell you that I had never had your letter. Never till to-day. What must you have thought of me? All these years. . . . But when I found it, not an hour ago, in the old book—it had not been touched, John—I came to you at once." She paused; something in his manner chilled her. This was not like the John who had been her lover.

"What letter and what book?" he asked.

"The letter you wrote me after our silly quarrel. . . . that was my fault. You remember you put the letter in the book for fear my dear mother should see it and be vexed. And Edmund brought it. Surely you remember?" She spoke wistfully; he could not have forgotten.

He took the book which she offered him and looked at it eagerly. "This is the volume that has been missing from my set for years," he cried. "My father always asserted the volumes were complete. They were in his library which I inherited, Miss Hastings. You have done me a great service. Now I possess one of the very few perfect sets in the country. Tell me again where you found it, and how."

"You sent it me with a letter in it forty years ago. Your brother, Edmund, brought it, and he turned down a page and underlined some cruel words."

His face fell as he glanced at the page. "Yes, it is slightly disfigured. Edmund was always careless with books," he said, smoothing the crumpled leaf tenderly. "He never loved them as I did."

"Your love was not always given to books," she said. "Once you and I—". She stopped; he was smiling, he was amused. Was he laughing at her?

"Ah! I remember there was some boy and girl courting between us. This recovered volume will be a pleasant memento of the past, Miss Rachel."

"I loved you, John, and you loved me," she said, dully.

"We were young and foolish, dear lady. But I do remember now that I was quite upset by the affair at the time. I went abroad soon after. Travelling is the accepted panacea for such cases."

"And you were cured? Yet you said you loved me. . . ."

He looked at her with a little smile of amused pity. "I believe I was sincere in my protestations," he said. "I trust you afterwards found someone more worthy?"

"I never married," she answered, with a catch in her throat.

"Nor I. We chose the wiser course." He was fondling the book; he wanted to be alone that he might examine it. "I am indeed most grateful to you for returning this," he said.

"For that?" She pointed to the book. "Only for that? Have you forgotten everything else? The old house, the garden where we walked, those summer evenings? . . . You used to say you would never forget."

"They remain as charming memories, but I must not keep you gossiping about old follies. Have you far to go? Let my man call you a cab."

"I am still in the old house," she said.

"And I in my old rooms. What creatures of habit we are! Well, I am most obliged to you for this. . . ."

She understood at last that the old book was of more value to him than the love he had forgotten. That was the treasure she had brought him, not her constant heart. She rose and he hurried to open the door for her.

"Wait," she said, breathlessly. "You have thrown the letter down."

"It shall be burnt at once," he reassured her.

"No; give it to me. It is mine."

He picked it up from the floor where it had fluttered and gave it to her with a smile of indulgence. "You have a fondness for relics," he said. "It's a pretty taste and a favourite with ladies."

She snatched at the faded paper. "It's all I have left," she said.

At the outer door she paused and looked back. He was hanging over his recovered treasure with a miser's joy, and she knew that she was forgotten. She passed out into the street.

Night fell as she sat by the open window and looked out over the square. The wind was chill, but she did not feel it, for her heart itself was cold. Her senses, roused for an hour of hope, her youth, recalled for so short a space, both were numbed. They had come to life only to torture her.

The faded letter was in her hand, held loosely, for what value had it now? The faded words mocked her. A breeze blew in a sudden gust, and she opened her fingers and watched the paper whirl away into the night.

THE IRISH WOLFHOUND.

An eye of sloe, with ear set low,
With horse's breast with depth of chest,
With breadth of loin, and curve in groin,
And nape set far behind the head—
Such were the dog's that Fingal bred.—OSSIAN.

PROBABLY no breed of dog has been the subject of greater controversy than Ireland's historic hound. About thirty years ago a long and important discussion was carried

on in the Press on the nature and history of the Irish wolfhound. The principal writers were Captain Graham, the Rev. W. B. Wynne and Mr. F. Adcock. The chief point at issue was whether the hound of that day was descended from the *Canis Graius Hibernicus*, or whether it was a dog evolved from a combination of two or three other breeds. Some of the writers contended that the original type was extinct, but Captain Graham held, and, I think, rightly so, that the ancient breed was still extant, though the examples were few



T. Fall.

WE THREE.

Copyright

and degenerate in type. Working upon that assumption, he gave much time and labour to the resuscitation of the breed. To him, more than to anyone else, all lovers of the Irish wolfhound are indebted for the present handsome dog, whose history has for so many centuries been associated with that of the Emerald Isle. The antiquity of this breed is beyond question. The first authentic mention of it is made by Consul Quintus Aurelius Symmachus, A.D. 391, who sent seven of these dogs to

Rome, where they were used in the arenas to fight lions, bears and captive Saxons. The wolfhound is frequently mentioned in Irish history. The old chieftains called it the *Mil-Chú*. Wolfhounds were used in war, as well as in the chase, and were held in great reverence, only princes and chiefs being allowed to keep them. The coat of arms of the early Irish kings was composed of the harp, the shamrock and the wolfhound, with the motto underneath, "Gentle when stroked, fierce when provoked." In the ninth century the Welsh

laws contained clauses entailing heavy penalties on anyone injuring the Irish wolfhound. About 1336, Edward III. is said to have sent his huntsman to Ireland for wolfdogs with which to hunt the wolves which, at that time, were numerous in England. Staniland, writing about the middle of the sixteenth century, in his description of Ireland, says, "Ireland is stored of cows, excellent horses, of hawkes, fish and fowle. They are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt." In 1562 the Irish chieftain, Shan O'Neill, sent to Queen Elizabeth, by the Earl of Leicester, a present of "two horses, two hawkes and two Irish wolfdogs." Evelyn, writing about 1566, in describing the savage sports of the bear garden, says, "The Irish wolfhound was a tall greyhound, a stately creature, indeed, and did beat a cruel mastiff. The bulldog did exceeding well, but the Irish wolfdog exceeded."

In 1614, James I. granted a patent to one of his Irish subjects to keep twenty-four wolfdogs in each county to protect the farmers' flocks from the ravages of wolves. Previous to this there had been a great demand for them in many foreign countries, and they had been exported to Sweden, Denmark, France, Spain, Persia and India. Indeed, so much were they sought after that they became scarce in Ireland, and in consequence wolves increased so rapidly that Cromwell issued an order prohibiting the exportation of "Wolf-dogges." With the extermination of the wolf in Ireland about 1710, less interest was taken in the breeding of these hounds, and they soon deteriorated in numbers and quality, and eventually were kept only for State ceremonies. Some wonderful stories are told of the size of these ancient dogs. Oliver Goldsmith says that while on a visit to Ireland he saw several of great size, the largest of which was 48in. high. Dr. Johnson tells us that during his tour in Ireland he saw a wolfhound's skull which was as large as that of a donkey. The statements of these litterateurs must be taken with reserve. Goldsmith, notwithstanding his "Animated Nature," "was more elegant as a writer than accurate as an observer," while the great lexicographer had a weakness for the use of hyberbole. In the museum of the Royal Dublin Society there are two Irish wolfhounds' skulls, the size of which points to a dog of, perhaps, from 30in. to 32in. in height. The modern specimen is taller, the height generally looked for in a dog being about 34in. This is sometimes exceeded. One of the dogs (Felixstowe Kilronan) illustrated here stands 35½in. at the shoulder, and being not yet fully developed, he will probably reach 36in. The Irish wolfhound, for its size, is surprisingly active and fast. Major Shewell told the writer that his dog Champion Cotswold, who stands 34½in. high and weighs 154lb., cleared a five-barred gate in chasing a hare, and that while out exercising on the Cotswold Hills he gave chase to a stray stag and ran him close for six miles. The stag only escaped by leaping a park wall nearly 7ft. high. The neck of a wolfhound should be thick and muscular, the head long and fairly thick, tapering towards the nose, which must be large and black; the ears should be small in proportion to the size of the head, and carried half erect, like a greyhound's; the body must be rather long, with loins well arched, and the chest deep and wide, while the legs should be strong, straight and muscular; the tail must be slightly curved; the coat should be either



T. Fall.

COTSWOLD WATCH

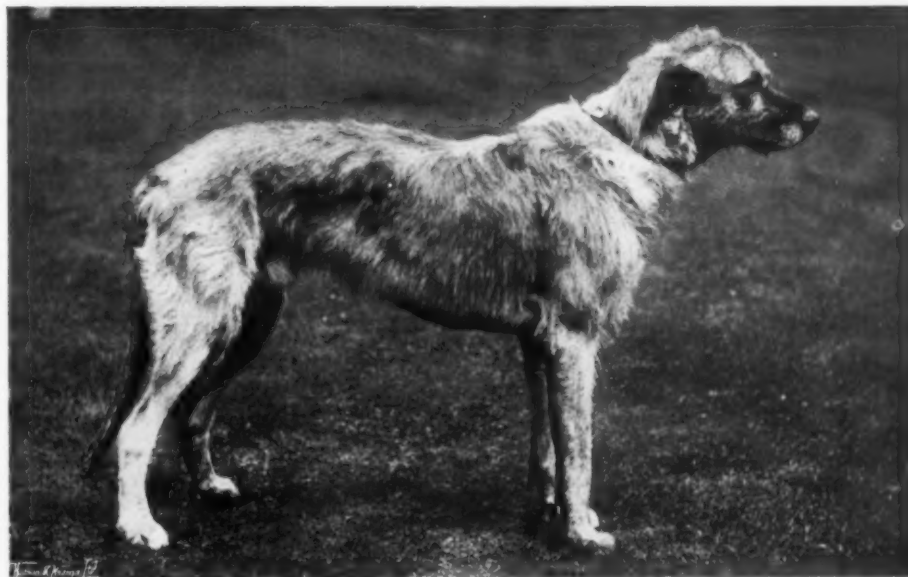
Copyright.



T. Fall.

CH. COTSWOLD.

Copyright.



T. Fall.

COTSWOLD DERMOT.

Copyright.



T. Fall.

COTSWOLD BLOOM.

Copyright.



T. Fall.

CH. COTSWOLD PATRICIA.

Copyright.



T. Fall.

FELIXSTOWE KILRONAN.

Copyright.

a black, grey, brindle, red or fawn colour, though white was common at one time; it must be long and coarse in texture, giving a somewhat shaggy appearance. The ancient Irish harp, known as the harp of Brian Boriumlea, which is preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, is ornamented with the figure of a rough-coated wolfhound. In the painting of an Irish wolfhound by P. Reinagle, R.A., the dog has a very rough coat. In selecting a good specimen the principal faults to avoid are: too light or heavy a head, large ears and those which hang flat to the face, a short neck, too narrow or too broad a chest, a sunken, hollow or straight back, bent fore legs, twisted feet, weak hind-quarters, too curly a tail and a general want of muscle.

Unfortunately, this breed has never been popular to the extent some other large breeds are. Why, it is not easy to say. There are, however, some very good kennels in England at the present time, the best of these being that owned by Major and Mrs. Shewell of Cotswold, Cheltenham. They own what is, unquestionably, the finest team of Irish wolfhounds ever exhibited from one kennel. Chief among them is Champion Cotswold, who is admitted by authorities on the breed to be the best specimen ever benched. To look at him is to see what a typical wolfhound should be. He is wheaten in colour, and has a long head and good body, with great bone and girth and is absolutely straight on the legs. He was bred by his present owners, who are, naturally, very proud of him. His sire was Champion O'Leary and his dam Princess Patricia of Connaught, the mother of the kennel. He is seven years old. In the show-ring he has an unbeaten record. At the Kennel Club shows he has won the challenge certificate six years in succession, thus creating what is, probably, a record in all breeds. No fewer than twenty-three championships have been awarded him, and his number of prizes totals sixty-nine. He has now retired upon his laurels, and is to be reserved for stud purposes. As a sire he commands the highest fee ever known for a show dog. His progeny includes some of the best hounds exhibited. Another hound at Cotswold of scarcely less merit is Felixstowe Kilronan. He is only eighteen months old. To try to enumerate his good points is unnecessary. He was bred by Mr. Spooner, who sold him to Mr. Everett, from whom Major Shewell bought him after the Birmingham Show. This dog's show career opened at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show last June, when he was placed first in the limit and second in the open class. At the recent Birmingham Show he was given the premier position in his classes, and also the challenge certificate. Kilronan is not yet fully developed, but when he is, he will be one of the best dogs of any breed in England.

Cotswold Watch is another young dog. He is 33in. in height and weighs 130lb. He was bred in the Adel kennels. He was first shown at the Botanic Gardens last June, where he was given first place in the novice class. At Dublin four prizes were placed to his credit. He also won a third in the limit class at the Kennel Club Show last October. Cotswold Dermot is a good dog, and a home-bred one. His pedigree is of the best: a son of Champion Cotswold out of Iris (Marquis of Donegal out of Meala). In 1907, at Cruft's, he took first limit, second open, silver challenge shield and silver shield for the best dog in open and limit classes; Dublin—first limit; Belfast—first open, challenge certificate and special for best in the open class; Edinburgh—first open, challenge certificate and gold medal. Dermot is a grey brindle standing 34½in. He is a powerful dog, with good bone and coat, and that perfect temper which is one of the characteristics of this breed. Since the photographs for this article were taken he has been sold to America. Major and Mrs. Shewell own not only the best Irish wolfhound dog, but also the best of the opposite

sex, viz., Champion Cotswold Patricia. She is by Wolf Tone out of Princess Patricia of Connaught, and is a home-bred one. Her colour is light brindle. She has a great deal of bone and is very active, being able to run a rabbit down with ease. In the showing she has beaten every bitch she has been shown against, and has won thirteen challenge certificates at the following shows: Kennel Club (3), Cruft's (3), Dublin (2), Ladies' Kennel Association (2), Belfast, Richmond and Birmingham. Her prize list totals thirty-five wins, all of which are firsts but two, when she was shown in mixed classes and was beaten by Champion Cotswold. In 1905, at Richmond, she won four firsts, also the silver challenge shield for the best bitch and the ladies' silver challenge cup; at the Crystal Palace she was awarded two firsts, a special, also the ten-guinea challenge cup; at Belfast one first, and at Birmingham two firsts and a second. In 1906: Cruft's—first open, silver shield and silver bowl; Birmingham—second open and silver medal. In 1907: Cruft's—first open, special for best of her sex in the show, silver shield and silver medal. In 1908: Cruft's—first open; Dublin—first open; Ladies' Kennel Association—first open; and at the last Kennel Club Show—first open silver shield, silver medal and a silver bowl.

Champion Dhudera is a dark grey in colour and almost perfect in type. Her certificates were all won in 1907 at three of the principal shows in the lands of the rose, thistle and shamrock—London, Edinburgh and Belfast. She has won the principal prizes for her breed at Dublin, Ladies' Kennel Association, Belfast, Eastbourne, Edinburgh, Richmond, etc.

Cotswold Bloom is not fully matured, and has only been shown once, when she took first in all her classes but one, where she was beaten by Cotswold Patricia. She is litter sister to Felixstowe Kilronan, and is a light brindle, measuring nearly 33in. and weighing about 110lb. If given the opportunity she will do a great deal to uphold the high reputation of the Cotswold kennels. In addition to the hounds mentioned, many fine specimens have borne the Cotswold prefix, among which are O'Leary, Cross, Paddy, O'Shea, Wolf and Astore; and added to these must be Felixstowe Dromore, Wolf Tone, Kilcullen, St. Canice, Iris and Artara Astorc.

Major and Mrs. Shewell are devoted to their hobby, and grudge neither time nor money to further the interests of what has been called the "king of dogs." Major Shewell, who until two years ago was the hon. secretary of the Irish Wolfhound Club, was an admirer of the breed long before he kept them. He says: "I remember as a boy seeing Captain Graham's hounds, and thinking them the handsomest, biggest and gentlest dogs living, and I now know them to be all this."

H. BOYCOTT ODDY.

FORGOTTEN BOOKS.

The Hermit: or the Unparalleled Sufferings and Surprising Adventures of Mr. Philip Quaril; An Englishman who was lately discovered by Mr. Dorrington, a Bristol Merchant, upon an uninhabited Island in the South-Sea; where he has lived above Fifty Years, without any human Assistance, still continues to reside, and will not come away. 1727.

THERE is a fashion in fiction, as there is in the cut of a coat or the shape of a house. When once a master has shown his skill, there are a dozen upstarts ready to mimic him, and to assure a willing public that they have shunned the faults and enhanced the merits of their original. Twenty versions of the same book always glitter, spick and span, on the shelves of the circulating library, and it matters not which is taken down first; a random choice does no injustice either to readers or authors. What happens to-day happened also in the very beginning of time, and if we do not always know the indiscretions of the past, it is because the passing years winnow the chaff, and leave only the grain of excellence upon the threshing-floor of literature. "The Hermit," for instance, would never have been written had it not been for the splendid example of Daniel Defoe. It is true that the author, with the arrogance of his kind, thinks ill enough of his model. He sadly deplores the fact that "Robinson Crusoe," "Moll Flanders" and "Colonel Jack" have had their admirers among the lower rank of readers, and takes comfort in the reflection

that though his own "surprising narrative be not so replete with vulgar stories" as Defoe's, "it is certainly of more use to the publick, because every incident, herein related, is real Matter of Fact." So have I heard a bold critic of the street declare that his favourite reporter was "like Dickens, only more refined."

The machinery of the story is of an engaging simplicity. Once upon a time Edward Dorrington, a famous merchant of Bristol, set sail, as did Woodes Rogers before him, to the South Sea, and traded all along that coast to Mexico. Having despatched his business, and wishing to kill an idle hour, he went a-fishing with a Spaniard named Alvarado. Suddenly the boy engaged to row their boat spied a cleft in the rock, and calling to them with precipitation, "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he cried, "I have made the discovery of a new land, and the finest that ever the sun did shine on." The island, indeed, deserved the boy's enthusiasm. It was of an agreeable aspect, "made by nature for the creating of pleasure and the condolence of grief." A curious grass, something like camomile, covered its surface, which was pleasantly diversified by groves of lofty trees. At the first sight, the travellers discerned no signs of life, save troops of chattering monkeys, some green-backed and white-faced, others, more modestly coloured, of white and grey. But presently they came upon an elegant structure, half house, half arbour, the clear token of human ingenuity. It was surrounded by a green hedge, the harmonious home of many singing birds, and was as comfortable within as beautiful without. Driven by curiosity to continue their walk, at last they encountered the artificer himself—"a venerable old man, with a worshipful white beard, which cover'd his naked breast, and a long head of hair of the same colour, which, spreading over his shoulders, hung down to his loins." Such was Philip Quaril, the English hermit,



T. Fall.

CH. DHUDERA

Copyright.

who for more than fifty years had lived in solitary contentment. To Edward Dorrington he gladly poured out the story of his life, and confided to his care a parchment scroll, whereon was written a full record of his unique experience. But he sternly resisted all the arguments wherewith the Bristol merchant would have tempted him to leave his hermitage, and Dorrington sailed sadly away with a manuscript in his pocket whose finer delicacy was destined to throw discredit upon the vulgar narrative of Defoe and to confer a gracious immortality upon the devout and ingenious Philip Quaril.

From the very outset the career of Quaril was modelled, as has been said, with a sincere fidelity upon the published works of Daniel Defoe. In fact, he began his life as Col. nel Jack and ended it piously as Robinson Crusoe. A waif in the streets of London, he was over-shadowed, like his original, by the suspicion of crime, and took refuge from his evil associates on a ship bound for the East Indies. On his return from a successful voyage he combined the professions of soldier and singing-master, and proved himself so fine an artist in polygamy that when two of his wives disputed for his possession, no less than four ladies laid claim to him in court. Though a harsh judge condemned him to death, he had no difficulty in procuring a pardon, and in a fit of repentance for his sins and of disgust at the iniquities of London, which he had most generously shared, he set out on a journey to the South Seas, from which he never returned. But even in moments of death and danger a benign Providence watched over Philip Quaril. When the ship that carried him and his fortunes struck upon a rock, he, being bold and active, was astride upon the maintop, and thus escaped the general fate of drowning. In brief, while the others found a grave in the trough of the sea, he was hurled comfortably into a terrestrial paradise, where he had but to look about him for the blessings that every heart desires. Being wearied with the storm, he sat him

down under a cluster of trees, that made an agreeable arbour, and soon fell into a deep slumber. Upon his awakening, he was seized with the pangs of hunger, and wandered up and down in search of food. As he was renouncing all hope, he heard a sudden noise issuing from a creek in the rock, and hastening thither, "he sees a fine, large cod-fish, near six foot long, dabbling in a hole in the rock, where the late storm had cast it." To whip off his garters and to run them through the fish's gills was the work of a moment, and before long he had hauled his prize on to dry land. Meanwhile, to recover his failing strength, he had made a hasty meal of the oysters and mussels which lay about his feet, and that the cod might not lack a relish, he filled his pockets with the salt which he found in the concavities of the rock. Henceforth the willing earth supplied his wants, and pampered his luxury. The roots, upon which the native monkeys fed, were far better to his taste than artichokes. When he grew tired of fish, he did but cross his domain to find antelopes, the memory of whose tender flesh made his mouth water as he recorded his triumph. His house was a model of natural architecture—warm in winter and cool in summer. For the building of it, he made a clearing in the forest, 12ft. square, and left a tree standing at each corner. The spaces he filled up with young plants, and bent the branches on top from both sides, interweaving them one with another and overlaying them until the roof they formed was thick enough. And presently he had walls, which within showed nothing but hard, dry bark, and without wore always the appearance of an arbour, green and fresh. Every day he won a fresh victory over Nature, and every day solaced his loneliness with the noblest sentiments of morality. In trite observation he easily outstripped the worthy Crusoe himself. He exposed to his own satisfaction the vanity of human wishes. He anticipated the ingenious Rousseau in proving that the only proper life for man was lived in the woods and in the free air of heaven. He, too, was almost persuaded to go on all fours, and had it not been for the example of the monkeys he would doubtless have succumbed to the common instinct.

He had not a man Friday. He had a far more amiable and intelligent companion in Beaufidelle, a green monkey of fearless wisdom and unchanging loyalty. It is Beaufidelle, indeed, that is the most brilliant invention of the author of this book. The beast's beauty first won the hermit's admiration. He surprised him one morning taking a hearty breakfast, to which he had not been invited. His green coat shone like burnished gold, and Quarll, desiring evidently to tame him, behaved with the greatest delicacy. That the poor monkey might not be disturbed, the hermit turned his back upon him until such time as he should have recovered from his natural embarrassment. The beast, perceiving that he was welcome, assumed an air of easy composure, which delighted Quarll, and henceforth they lived on terms of equal friendship. And his new-found friend was no mere solace to the hermit's loneliness. He was quick to learn all the lessons that were taught him. He collected sticks and tied up faggots; he picked the fowls under which Quarll's table always groaned; he turned the spit on which they were roasted; in brief, he was more useful and more honest than the most faithful of servants, and wanted only speech to complete him for human society. His early death left the hermit inconsolable, and it was in this fashion that he died: Quarll, seeing that the other monkeys were wont to steal the roots he had collected in his larder, armed Beaufidelle with a club, that he might drive them off. And one day, when the incomparable beast had been sent to draw water at the well, his untamed brethren caught him unarmed, and with tooth and claw did him savagely to death. Henceforth the hermit's solitude was profound. It is true that he trained other monkeys to his service, but from them he never eradicated the spirit of mischief, and he deplored the death of his noble Beaufidelle unto the end.

And yet he found a constant solace in the pleasures of the table. He was an epicure, to whom nothing was denied, a *gourmand*, whose lightest fancy was instantly gratified. Did he wish for fresh-water fish? Nothing was easier than to walk abroad and discover a fish-pond, whose only enemies were a breed of splendid kingfishers, whom he trapped and killed. Did a longing for pickled cucumber overtake him? He gratified it at once. A wild pomegranate furnished the vinegar, and a sort of parsnip instantly consented to masquerade as a cucumber so precisely that it would have deceived an expert from Covent Garden. Nor were the joys of sport denied him. If time hung heavy on his hands he watched the pitched battles wherein the hostile tribes of monkeys engaged, or with his bow and arrows he slew the birds of prey who constantly threatened his larder. And when he laid him down to sleep such dreams came to him as have seldom comforted the lonely traveller. Not only, like the dæmon of Socrates, did they prevent him from disastrous courses of action; they told him in parables what was happening many thousands of miles away. Thus they discharged at once the functions of the pulpit and the daily Press. It was by their kindly intervention that he knew of the beneficent revolution which, in 1688, conferred the blessings of freedom upon the

native land Quarll was never to see again; it was they, too, that told him of the illustrious race which in the ensuing year would do honour to the British throne, showing him "the graceful countenance of the King, which denoted Justice, Equity, Love and Clemency."

With this expression of far-distant loyalty, the ingenious Quarll takes his farewell, leaving us to wonder who it was that, greatly daring, recorded his adventures. The author is unknown, and perhaps unknowable. His book had an immediate success, and, enjoying the supreme triumph of being clipped and cropped into a chapbook, was sold by the pedlars. As I have said, Philip Quarll affected to avoid the vulgarities of Defoe, and he retains to-day nothing more than the curiosity of impertinence, while "Robinson Crusoe" goes down the ampler stream of fame, an imperishable masterpiece of truth and beauty.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

DAWN UPON THE HILLS.

A LITTLE Shepherd Boy trilled a mournful tune upon his reedy pipe.

"It is dull up here on the hills," he sighed, and stretched himself and slept.

The Spirit of the Morning, clad in mists of all the rainbow colours, came down the sloping valley and touched him. "You poor little mortal," she said. "You belong by rights to the plains and the towns. But as Fate sends you up among us, here on the downs, I must comfort you as best I can. Look and see, with fresh eyes!"

But the Shepherd Boy only blinked. "What is there to see?" he said.

"Look!" she said.

"There is nothing here to make up for the games they are playing down below in the village street. At any rate, you can't say the silly fat sheep are worth looking at."

He was cross.

"Look!" she said, and floated up the valley. It was a shallow valley with a few trees in it, and soon lost itself among the bare, round hilltops, while its edge broke out on to the bare, round hillsides.

She floated up and up till she looked like a little wisp of cloud come down from the primrose sky, and then the Shepherd Boy saw her grow thinner till she melted among the green mounds.

While he was straining his eyes to look up the valley, a little girl in a blue-grey frock came dancing down. She tripped very lightly and playfully among the tussocks of fine grass, pointing her toes and trying all manner of steps. Then he saw another little girl dancing, and she was in rosy pink, but hardly more than a baby. After a while they saw each other.

"Who are you?" asked the blue girl.

"I am the First Sunbeam," said the other. "And who are you?"

"I am a little Raindrop that fell in the night. See how I sparkle!" and she shook out her dress till it sparkled like diamonds.

Then she went up close to the Sunbeam. "You can't catch me, little Sunbeam!" she cried, and was off over the grass with the little Sunbeam after her. They chased round and round and up and down; but it was no good—the Sunbeam was too young and feeble.

"You are much too slow," cried the Raindrop. "You must wait for your big sister, who comes to wake the flowers. You can't catch me, little Sunbeam."

And again she was off, up and down and round about, making nothing of the hillocks or the ditches, and diving through the furze bushes, while the poor little rosy Sunbeam had to go round. Her fat baby legs lagged behind, and she fell over a root that poked out of the ground. There she sat for a while, looking as though she would like to cry. But presently she cheered up.

"I shall go on all day till I do catch her," she said, and plodded on, round the furze patch.

After she had gone the Shepherd Boy kept his eyes fixed on the furze, for he saw a hundred little fellows in dark green coming out and moving round about the bushes. Each had a bright yellow cap, and they were tiny, fat little fellows. A lot of little girls who must be their sisters, because they were so like them, came peeping out, and the little boys ran to them, and they flung their arms round each other's necks and gave a big kiss. The Shepherd Boy knew it was because they were gorse blooms, and when they are out kissing is in fashion. As each one seemed to want to kiss all the others, it took some time, and meanwhile three naughty little brown leaves came tumbling down the valley, hand-in-hand. As they made most of the journey by turning somersaults it was wonderful that they held together. They stopped to laugh at the little green chaps. "That's a silly way to behave," they said, rustling as they laughed. "We wanted to see what people did down the valley. We held on to our beech twig all through the frosts and gales, just to show that we could if we tried, till we got brown and crisp, and this morning we fell off, right on to the back of a fine young breeze who gave us a ride down here. If this is

all we shall see, it's not worth much!" and they rolled over together, laughing and rustling and mocking the poor green fellows till they looked shy and silly, and the little girls wanted to run in again.

But suddenly one of the brown boys shouted to the others, "Here's a strong, fresh gust. Catch him as he passes," and they danced right up in the air, and flew helter-skelter down the valley on the back of the wind.

Then the Shepherd Boy looked up again, for he heard the sweetest sound in the world, and there at the head of the valley was a Sunbeam, taller and slimmer than the last. She blew on a golden trumpet, a long pure note, till the sky became brighter and the flowers woke up and tossed the dewdrops out of their hair, and the whole hillside turned to gold. As the Shepherd Boy looked, behold! his silly flock of sheep came over the rounded hill, one by one, and as they passed into the green lap of

sand, restless as the sea. All around you there is nothing but sand; the dunes cut out the view of land and sea. Some of these dunes are old and breaking up in decay, some are just being born; the sand heaping itself round a tuft of the sea sedge, the heap increasing as the sea sedge grows, till the mound, once no larger than an inverted teacup, becomes at last a mountain on which you may stand and look far and wide, even to the master dune over there towards the hills of Margam, the great mountain of sand from which the wall of a broken tower projects. This great dune never breaks up; it has been there ever since the time of Elizabeth, and deep down, buried in its heart, lies the city of Kenfig. In writing "The Buried City of Kenfig" (T. Fisher Unwin) Mr. Thomas Gray has acted as the Schlieman of the vanished town, delving not in the sand, but the manuscript chest of Margam Abbey opened for him by the kindness of Miss Talbot. The work is a monument of faithful labour that will appeal alike to the archaeologist and the lover of Wales.

Documents are dry things, and of the old city of Kenfig nothing remains but a broken wall, a mound of sand, and documents; yet from this book which



J. M. Whitehead.

THE BIRTH OF A DAY.

Copyright.

the valley, a golden light struck each one, and a ring of gold shone round each woolly back, while their bells all rang together with the sound of the Sunbeam's trumpet. SYBIL BLUNT.

THE BURIED CITY OF KENFIG.

TON KENFIG, a hamlet of some dozen houses, stands on a ridge fronting Swansea Bay, and across a mile of sand-dunes seaward of Ton Kenfig lies Sker Farm, immortalised by Blackmore. From Sker Farm the white sandy beach stretches away mile upon mile towards the distant hills of Margam, heather purple and hazy under the blue sky of summer.

Between the sand-dunes and the sea this great beach lies with its marble kerb of foam like a road of light, desolate and voiceless except for the sound of the waves and the cry of the oyster-catcher, and with nothing moving upon it but the shadow of the gull and the cloud.

Walking along it on a bright summer's day with the breeze and the sea for company, the sands wear a cheerful and open countenance, they are in tune with the freedom and colour and light that lie all around; nothing could be more innocent of disastrous suggestion, nothing more suggestive of summer in her happiest mood. But strike amid the dunes and a door seems to be shut behind you, the sense of freedom vanishes, the sun strikes hot but his glory is gone, and if you sit down and listen you will hear something that is not the breeze—a whisper, a sigh; now loud, now low. It is the

offers page upon page of documents, and which does not boggle at producing the entire charter of Thomas Le Despenser in the original Latin, even the ordinary man can extract materials for the picture of the walled town, bristling with spears like a porcupine, with bugles blowing from the summit of its castle, the burgesses walking its streets, the merchants watching the ships unloading at its wharves, young men and maidens making love, the trees blowing in the merry spring weather and nothing to hint of disaster, least of all the great stretch of yellow sands lying panther-like and lazy by the Severn Sea.

Kenfig town was ancient even in the times of Elizabeth. In the old documents of Margam, dating far beyond that time, we can hear complaints of the invasions of the sand, just as, sitting amid the dunes, we can hear whispers and sighs of unrest. Tradition says that the burying of the city took place during a great storm in the time of Elizabeth; Mr. Gray, from documentary evidence, thinks otherwise. He believes that the sand came on the city as the tide comes on the land, or as Fate comes on a nation, now silent, now sighing, softly and with nothing to alarm the heart but much to give the mind of the thinker pause. One leans with Mr. Gray to this belief, for that is the way of sand, of the tide and Fate.

Lazy Herculaneum, luxurious Pompeii, languid cities of pleasure, met with a violent end in an hour, with all the accompaniments of melodrama. It is interesting to contrast their fate with that of sturdy little Kenfig, bustling with trade, noisy with armed men blowing trumpets of defiance at the Margam Hills, over which the hordes of the enemy were wont to swarm, and thinking never of the sand—the silent yellow sands, the warm and friendly sands with which the little children played. In the great dune of Kenfig there lies a city, and also a parable that applies to the life of every nation, every city and every man.

H. DE VERRE STACPOOLE.



THE Eastern Counties contain far finer and better-preserved examples of late Gothic brickwork than the old Hall of the Willoughbys now presents, but, very certainly, they have nothing more picturesque and poetic. Rising sheer out of its broad, tree-girt moat, its walls—of rich red where the bricks are crumbling, of green and grey and yellow where they are overspread with moss and lichens—reflected in the placid waters below where the water-plants do not occupy the surface, it offers a picture which fixes the eye, seizes on the imagination and holds the mind enrapt. To realise this absorbing charm you should come upon it on a fine, still evening at a moment when the harassing rush of modern

life has passed you by on the other side and the spirit of leisure and reflection is upon you. Sit, then, on the moat's flowery bank with no companionship but the kine browsing amid the lush grass of the meadows and the swallows swiftly and silently flitting over the water. You merely have before you amid the Suffolk flats the ill-patched fragment of a hall never of the first rank and now a makeshift farmhouse. Yet in the warm light and long shadows you are looking upon a scene that will occupy and rejoice you at the moment and dwell long and lovingly in your memory afterwards. Neither words nor photographs are quite adequate to convey to another the impression produced by the long and quiet contemplation of this half-ruinous group of

buildings set at an angle of the square island which the moat encompasses, and bosomed among the trees and ivies that spring from the foundations of the lost portions of the house and of its wide-spreading offices. The architecture is much obliterated and the landscape is inferior. But colour and sentiment are playing very important parts, and they are largely produced by the absence of any hint at restoration, progress or modernity, by the presence of the undisturbed action of Time and Nature, by the note of sympathetic and not unpleasing sorrow struck by the evident traces of the vicissitude that has converted the remains of a former home of one of England's most blue-blooded families into the roughly-repaired dwelling of a yeoman. The very homely re-roofing and re-windowing has to a large extent defaced and obscured the earlier details, but not to the extent of preventing our observing in the bay windows and the chimney shafts on the south side much the same work that is preserved in better condition at East Barsham and at Great Snoring, at Oxburgh and at Cressingham. It will be seen that the original window-lights were all arched, and some of them were also cusped, and the same trefoiliation appears on such part of the chimney shafts as still survives below the later plain top. Parham, therefore, must take its place in the long list of brick houses, many of them of splendid kind, which the rich Eastern Counties were producing during the reigns of the last of the Plantagenets and the first of the Tudors. Whether the Suffolk archaeologists who visited it in 1863 were justified in positively placing it in the fifteenth century is open to question, for the style continued into Henry VIII.'s day. But their successors who visited it



Copyright.

PARHAM MOAT HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in 1900 unquestionably erred in the other extreme in describing the house in their Transactions as "bearing all the characteristics of the Elizabethan mansions to be seen in Suffolk," and in assigning the second half of the sixteenth century as the date of erection. Not only the character of the architecture, but also the circumstances of ownership, suggest that the builder was neither the first nor the second Lord Willoughby de

considerable piece of ground where will have stood ancient buildings whose foundations probably served for the later mansion. To Ufford, a few miles south, came, when Henry III. was King, Sir John de Peyton's younger son, who, as a Crusader with Edward I. and as a justiciary of Ireland, was known as Robert de Ufford. To his Irish post succeeded his son, Sir Ralph de Ufford, whose marriage with an heiress of the de Valoines gave



Copyright

ABOUT A STONE-CAST FROM THE WALL
A SLUICE WITH BLACKEN'D WATER SLEPT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Parham, but was Sir Christopher, the father of the first baron, who possessed the estate from 1498 to 1527, or thereabouts. The manor had come to the Willoughbys through the marriage of the third Lord Willoughby d'Eresby with a daughter of the famous Earl of Suffolk of Edward III.'s time. Though never a castle or the home of great men, it was probably a place of defence from early times. Remains of an outer moat show 200yds. beyond the present one, and the latter surrounds a very

him Parham and other Suffolk possessions, such as the founder's rights over Campsey Priory, which became the Ufford burying-place. Sir Ralph's son, Robert, born in 1298, often appears in Froissart's pages. He was with young Edward III. at Amiens in 1329 when that King did homage for Guienne to Philip of France. In the next year he was one of the nine devoted friends of Edward who freed him from the dominance of his mother and of her paramour, Mortimer, by seizing the

latter at Nottingham. He was rewarded by grants of land, such as the Castle and lordship of Orford. In 1337 his possessions were increased by the gift of the honour of Eye and other Norfolk manors in order that he might have wealth to support the Earldom of Suffolk which was conferred upon him. He was a prominent figure in Edward's French wars. He fought in the left wing at Crecy and was in the hottest of the fight at Poitiers. Full of years and honours, he died some time before the King whom he had so gallantly and faithfully served, and his son William succeeded to his lands and honours. He it was who built the church of Parham, and presented it, with a silver Paten, bearing his arms, which it still possesses. He was the last of the de Uffords, and when, amid the fierce Parliamentary quarrels which raged round the minority of Richard II., he died suddenly in Westminster Hall, his possessions were divided among the descendants of his sisters, several Suffolk manors, including Parham, coming to the Willoughbys. Willoughby is in Lincolnshire, and the family who held it and took their surname from it had no more than a local position until Sir William de Willoughby married the heiress of the Becks, lords of Eresby, in the same county. Of them the greatest was Anthony, a cadet of the house, who became bishop of the Palatine

two Parham bays, and replace the present plain gable roofs which surmount them with the elaborate parapeted brickwork of which the spring is still indicated above the upper windows, we should at once be struck by the similarity of style which this remnant shares with the rich and sumptuous structures of Sir William Fermor and Sir Ralph Shelton. Sir Christopher Willoughby, like his father and grandfather, will have been buried at Campsey Priory. But in the days of his son and successor, Sir William, came the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and Campsey was granted to the representative of its original founder, Theobald de Valoines. Sir William soon after parted with its site and lands, and that may possibly account for the presence at an odd place within the Parham moat of a very beautiful late Gothic building of stone used as a garden gateway. The moated enclosure is entered—at the opposite side to the corner occupied by the house—across the bridged moat through a large but rather plain brick gateway. Thence a path leads to a fence, through which access towards the house is gained by means of the arched aperture of the stone edifice which is illustrated. But if it is a gateway now, was that its original purpose? It stands strangely isolated and unsupported by any masonry of its own age and material. It is too narrow and low for a carriage-way, and yet is wider than the



Copyright

RISING SHEER OUT OF ITS BROAD TREE-GIRT MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

See of Durham, and held the North against Scottish inroads. He was a personal favourite with Edward I., a man of wide-reaching influence and of great wealth. Much of this, when he died in 1311, came to the share of his niece's son, Robert, first Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and the holders of the title, which has several times descended through the female line, have ever been, and still are, men of preponderating influence in Lincolnshire. It was the first lord's grandson who wedded Cicely de Ufford, and soon after fought by his father-in-law's side at Poitiers. Parham, three generations later, went to a younger son, to a Sir Thomas Willoughby who married a Fitz Alan and was among the victors of Agincourt. To his great-grandson the Eresby barony reverted after having been carried for a time by heiresses into the families of Welles and Hastings. But when William Willoughby, elder of the Parham branch, became head of the family in the early years of the sixteenth century, the Parham manor went to his younger brother, Sir Christopher, and we are told of him that "he took up his residence here." Nothing is more likely than that he should have wholly or in part rebuilt the house he found within the moat. Barsham and Snoring were among the many houses built by his contemporaries, and if we were to open up and repair the windows of the

footway doors of the period were wont to be. There is no appearance of its having been originally designed to be fitted with door or gate, and it is deeper than a doorway arch and yet not of the depth of a porch. But it is exactly of the width, depth and general construction of a tomb canopy, while its floral cresting, its traceried panelling and the richness and fulness of its heraldic ornamentation at once call to mind the chantries and monuments which were so freely set up by great families in cathedrals, minsters and parish churches during the latter half of the fifteenth century. What more likely, then, than that it was a Willoughby monument brought hither from the Priory church at neighbouring Campsey? Whether it commemorates one special member of the family, and in that case which one, is difficult to say, as the shields in the spandrels and below the helm are much effaced, and it is one or other of these which might have told us this. From the five coats in excellent condition which fill the panels we can only derive rather general information. The first gives us Ufford and Beck quarterly, and this is repeated on the other four impaling, respectively, Strange of Knockin, Stanhope, Fitz Alan and Hastings. Now we have seen that Sir Thomas Willoughby, the cadet to whom Parham came, wedded a Fitz Alan. His elder brother's second wife was Stanhope, and his

mother was a Strange of Knockin. All this is most appropriate to a monument set up at Campsey to the memory of Sir Thomas and his immediate descendants. But the Hastings coat is not so intelligible, as no Willoughby of the Parham branch allied himself with a Hastings. Their cousin, Joanna, Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby in her own right, was the wife of Lord Hastings, and it was because she had no children that a

Both he and his wife were buried at Parham, but she was the heiress of the Heneage estates in Lincolnshire, and it is at Knaith that their descendants seem to have lived and to have been buried, even though death came to them in distant lands. The fifth and sixth Lords Willoughby of Parham led adventurous lives. They were brothers, and Francis, the elder, helped to hold Lincolnshire for the Parliament against Charles I.



Copyright.

GOTHIC BAYS AND CHIMNEY SHAFTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Willoughby of Parham became the ninth holder of the barony. He, therefore, or his father, may have included the Hastings coat among the great number that decorate the structure which commemorated their predecessors, and which his nephew, after the Dissolution, may have moved to his home at Parham. The Sir William of Parham, who obtained and then sold Campsey Priory, fought in Henry VIII.'s wars and was created Lord Willoughby of Parham on the accession of Edward VI.

But he was a Presbyterian and a Constitutionalist, and when Cromwell and the Independents got the upper hand he declared that all was "hastening to early ruin," and fled to Holland and joined the Royalists. He held Barbadoes a while against the Commonwealth and then rendered it on terms, regained possession of his English estates, plotted against Cromwell, returned to Barbadoes as Governor at the Restoration and was lost at sea in a hurricane off Martinique during the Dutch War in 1665.



Copyright.

THE WILLOUGHBY GATEWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

His brother, William, succeeded to his barony and his governorship. He was at his post when death overtook him a few years later, but the body travelled from Barbadoes to Knaith, where three of his sons followed him in successive ownership. Then the title went to a distant Lancashire cousin, and either at that moment or earlier Parham ceased to own Willoughbys as its lords. For a time Warners and Corrances, both of whom had made fortunes in the City of London, divided the parish between them, and then the Corrances, who dwelt in a new hall nearer the church, absorbed the whole. The home of the Willoughbys suffered decay and neglect, but became, for a short time at the close of the eighteenth century, the abode of a poet; for here it was, as we learn from the Transactions of the Suffolk Antiquarian Club, that John Tovell, a rich yeoman farmer, lived with his niece, Sarah Elmy, and was visited in 1771 by young George Crabbe, then apprenticed to a doctor at Woodbridge but with a strong inclination to verse. The young people fell in love with each other,

but it was a dozen years before Crabbe blossomed out into a parson and a poet and had means to set up house and wed the lady. After John Tovell's death in 1792 he occupied the house for four years, and his son and biographer describes it to us as he first knew it, when he visited his great-uncle there just before the latter's death. "His house was large, and the surrounding moat, the rookery, the ancient dovecot and the well stored fish ponds were such as might have suited a gentleman's seat of some consequence, but one side of the house immediately overlooked a farmyard full of all sorts of domestic animals and the scene of constant bustle and noise. On entering the house there was nothing at first sight to remind one of the farm:—a spacious hall, paved with black and white marble, —at one extremity a very handsome drawing-room, and at the other a fine old staircase of black oak, polished till it was as slippery as ice, and having a chime-clock and a barrel organ on its landing places. But this drawing room, a corresponding dining parlour, and a handsome sleeping apartment upstairs were all *tabooed* ground, and made use of on great and solemn occasions only." The old-fashioned kitchen served for all ordinary purposes. It was eating and sitting and work room for the family and its dependents, and for Mr. Tovell's evening carousals over the punch-bowl. "Such was the strength of his constitution that though he seldom went to bed sober, he retained a clear eye and a stentorian voice to his eightieth year and coursed when he was ninety." The whole description is an excellent one of middle-class country life in the eighteenth century. The house must have been more spacious and have retained more of its ancient features then than now. The sitting-rooms are modernised and commonplace, but the kitchen still bears an old-world look, and we may still see, in our mind's eye, the old yeoman dispensing his rough but plentiful hospitality or his wife at her little table plying her needle to the light of a single candle.

T.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE HARDY AZALEA.

WHEN the Daffodils are fluttering in the breeze, one thinks of the trees and shrubs that flower in the springtime of the year, and among the most gorgeous are the hardy Azaleas. It was my privilege and pleasure a few days ago to spend a few hours in the beautiful garden of Sir Edmund Loder, Leonardslee, Horsham, where Himalayan Rhododendrons, species and hybrids, Azaleas and a large company of rare shrubs grow with a vigour sufficient to make those who love the things there represented envious. Leonardslee is a picture at all times; but it is in the spring and early summer that this paradise of flowers is in its ripest beauty.

It is not possible to mention more than a few of the rare plants that give such interest to this garden, but the effect from the hardy Azaleas is indescribable. They are everywhere, giving colour to the distant hills, and we are aware of their presence from the spicy fragrance that fills the air. The hardy Azalea or Rhododendron—both classes are now grouped together—is one of the most effective shrubs used for grouping. The groups in the Royal Gardens, Kew—and these were among the first planted in any garden—draw thousands of visitors at this season. Mr. W. J. Bean, the assistant-curator, makes some interesting and practical remarks on this beautiful shrub in his recently-published book, "The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew." He there mentions that just as Rhododendrons furnish us with the most beautiful of evergreen shrubs, so do Azaleas supply us with the loveliest of deciduous-leaved ones. The two are closely allied; they are sections, indeed, of the same genus, and a lesson may be learnt not only from the beauty of the grouping, but, as Mr. Bean says, "What adds so much to the charm of the scene at Kew is the setting in which it is placed." At this season "the young unfolding leaves of the fine Beeches, Oaks and Lindens surround the garden with a beautiful background of shimmering green. . . . Their needs under cultivation are the same as those of Rhododendrons. They will not thrive where lime or allied substances are present in the earth. They like a cool moist soil, and, while preferring one of a peaty nature, succeed almost as well in a sandy loam enriched by decayed leaves such as they have at Kew." The hardy Azaleas have flowers of dazzling colours, orange, yellow, crimson, scarlet, a galaxy of hues that have been brought about by hybridisation—crossing the North American species with those from Asia Minor; and we are indebted to Mr. Anthony Waterer for much of this sumptuous flower beauty. It is worth a long journey to see the wonderful Azaleas and Rhododendrons in his nursery at Knaphill, near Woking, at this season of the year. This strain of Azaleas—if one may so call it—is called the "Knaphill," and is the result of years of patient work in selecting the finest forms, having flowers of as perfect a shape as possible, a work that is still proceeding, although it seems difficult to attain a higher ideal. The best plants to select are those three or four years old, and it is important, as I have already pointed out, to have a beautiful setting; this intensifies the flower colouring and makes the shrubs less conspicuous in winter, when they are leafless. At Leonardslee they are introduced among other shrubs, such as Rhododendrons, Bamboos and Ericas, and Lilies are planted near them also, as these bloom when the beauty of the Azalea is over. A visit to the Royal Gardens, Kew, or to such a nursery as Mr. Waterer's at this season will be repaid if it is desired to plant Azaleas in the autumn. One can now select the colours most approved of, and this applies also to the Rhododendron. C.

THE LILACS.

LILAC-TIME is always one of great beauty in the garden, the sturdily-grown shrubs clothed with delicate green, heart-shaped foliage, and each shoot surmounted by a pyramidal bunch of fragrant flowers, creating a lasting interest. Strangely enough, the proper botanical name of the family (*Syringa*) has been applied to the Mock Oranges, with the result that a certain amount of confusion exists in the minds of many who love these flowers. Lilacs will thrive

in almost any soil and situation, and consequently their good nature is frequently imposed upon, but a little attention is more than repaid by larger flower-heads and increased vigour. Practically all the garden Lilacs appreciate a mulching with well-decayed manure placed over their roots early in the summer. In addition, it is advisable to remove most of the suckers or young shoots which are certain to be pushed up from the base, for they will quickly render the shrub an unmanageable thicket if allowed to grow unchecked. Those who purchase choice Lilacs should endeavour to obtain those grown on their own roots; budded or grafted plants frequently fail owing to the common stock or variety on which they were grafted pushing out a shoot or shoots below the junction, with the result that the choice variety dies out before the owner is aware that anything wrong has happened, there being very little difference in the foliage of common and good sorts. Among the best for the garden are *alba grandiflora*, large white flowers; *Charles X.*, deep purplish lilac, but white when forced; *Marie Legraye*, white; *Emilie Lemoine*, double white; *Souvenir de Louis Spach*, dark purple; and *Michael Buchner*, double purple. F. W. H.

THE FINEST OF THE MARSH MARIGOLDS (*CALTHA POLYPTALA*).

One of the most interesting flowers at the present time at Leonardslee is the finest of all the Marsh Marigolds (*Caltha polypetala*), which first bloomed there. It is a native of the Caucasus and Asia Minor, and was first found by Dr. Radde at an elevation of 6,000ft. to 9,000ft. in the Caucasus on the Turkish frontier. He sent seeds to the St. Petersburg Botanic Garden, from which plants were raised and flowered in 1894. It is a very robust plant, growing about 2ft. high, with handsome rich yellow flowers nearly 3in. across. Under favourable conditions the leaves attain to a large size, approaching 1ft. in diameter.



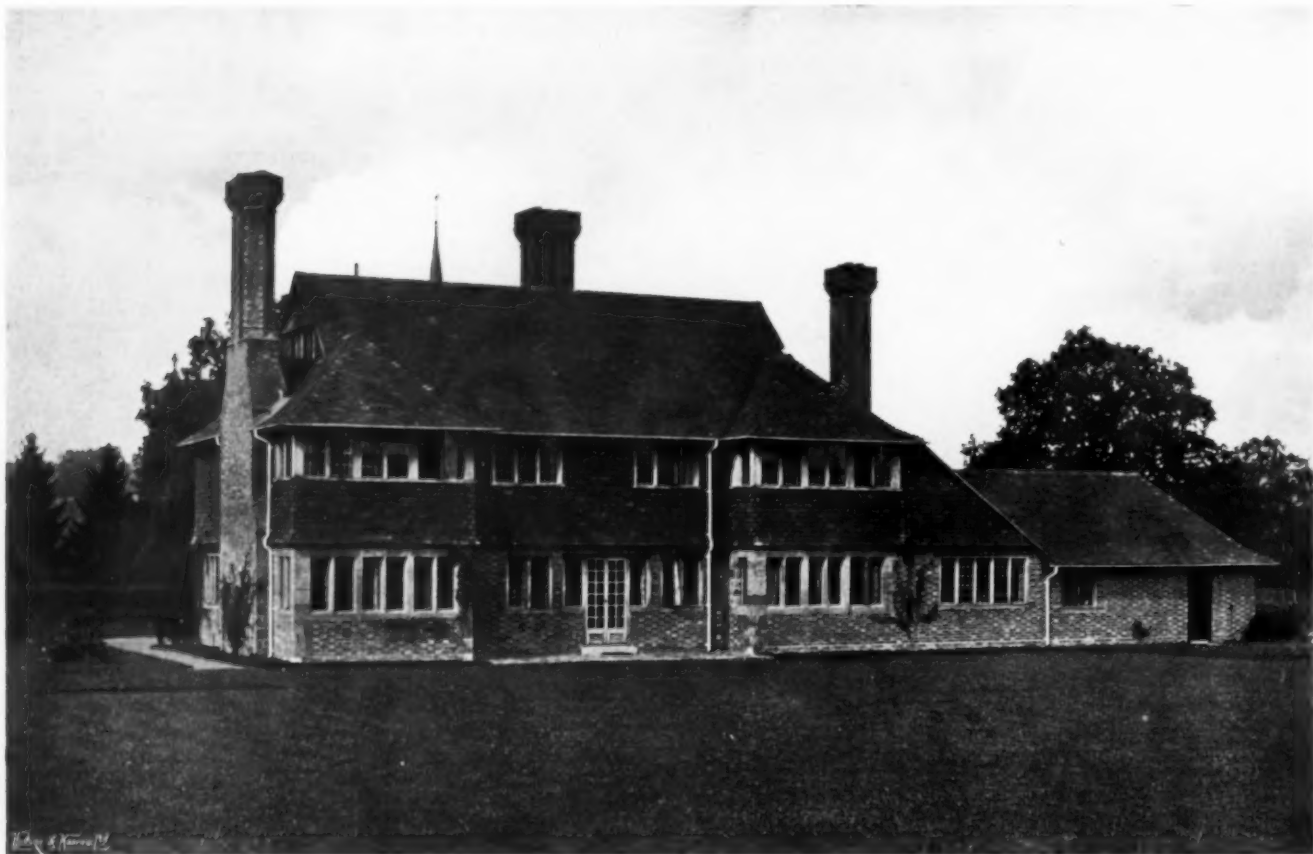
Copyright

PARHAM OLD HALL: PATCHWORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

LESSER COUNTRY HOUSES OF TO-DAY.

III.—A VICARAGE AT FOUR ELMS, KENT, DESIGNED BY MR. M. MABERLY SMITH.



Copyright.

THE EAST ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE two houses hitherto included in this series were built, for their own occupation, by architects with strong personality. They offered a direct and complete translation of the aims and taste of their designers. Therein lay their charm and their distinction, and to no one who gives thought to the matter of housing could they have been without some interest and suggestion. But their very individuality was against their adoption as models. The arrangement was special to their authors, the materials to their locality, the form to their site. The house to which we shall now turn is the outcome of wholly different conditions. It may be described in one word as normal. But it is just a little more than that, for it has quality. It fulfils ordinary requirements under ordinary circumstances. Its site is without any feature to influence and specialise the design. Its materials have no marked opportuneness to the place. Its accommodation is precisely what is asked for to-day by a family of educated habits but moderate means. Its cost is neither more nor less than the usual market price of such a habitation. In all these respects it is the house which is freely asked for and readily

supplied. Nothing is more easy than to meet the demand for it if you are not particular as to the manner in which it is met. But if you are particular on this point, you are face to face with a difficulty. You are to provide the stereotyped number and description of rooms—an entrance hall, three sitting-rooms, about eight bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices, etc. You are asked for a compact and convenient arrangement. You are begged in no way to startle convention. You are told not to spend a penny more than is needed. You have to use materials, not distinctive to the locality, but such as modern facility of transport brings to the spot from the

usual centres of their production and manufacture most readily and cheaply. Where then is the scope for particular treatment? How are you to differentiate the house you are bidden to design from a thousand others of the same size and kind? How are you to avoid the commonplace without falling into the eccentric? This is a problem sufficiently difficult of solution to cause it to be left alone in the vast majority of cases. The very essence of mindless commonplace is accepted as sufficient, and repeated *ad nauseam* by the ordinary builder of mercantile mind with or without



Copyright.

THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the assistance of an architect of the same mental calibre. But luckily there are some people who ask that the thing should be better done, and there are architects who, even within these narrow limitations, can give their work just that right and distinctive touch which lifts it up from the dead level and adds the spice of quality to the normal. This is what Mr. Maberly Smith has done in the case of the new Vicarage at Four Elms. Though a vicarage, it is as a type of a layman's house that it is noticed here. We live in an age when diversities in the characteristics of men and of places are checked rather than developed. Boys and girls in town and country are passed through the assimilating sausage machine of a cut-and-dried school curriculum. If we travel abroad for change, we find the same people eating the same food in the same hotels wherever we go. The old distinctions of dress and domicile that once marked the varying positions and avocations of men have nearly all disappeared. Religion being conservative, the priest still slightly differences his garb from that of the layman, but not his house. Not at least in essentials, though there has been a poor attempt at specialising its outward semblance. The strange fancy that, in architecture, the words Gothic and ecclesiastical were synonymous led to building parsonages just like other houses of their size in shape and plan, but decking them out with arched doorways and windows, and

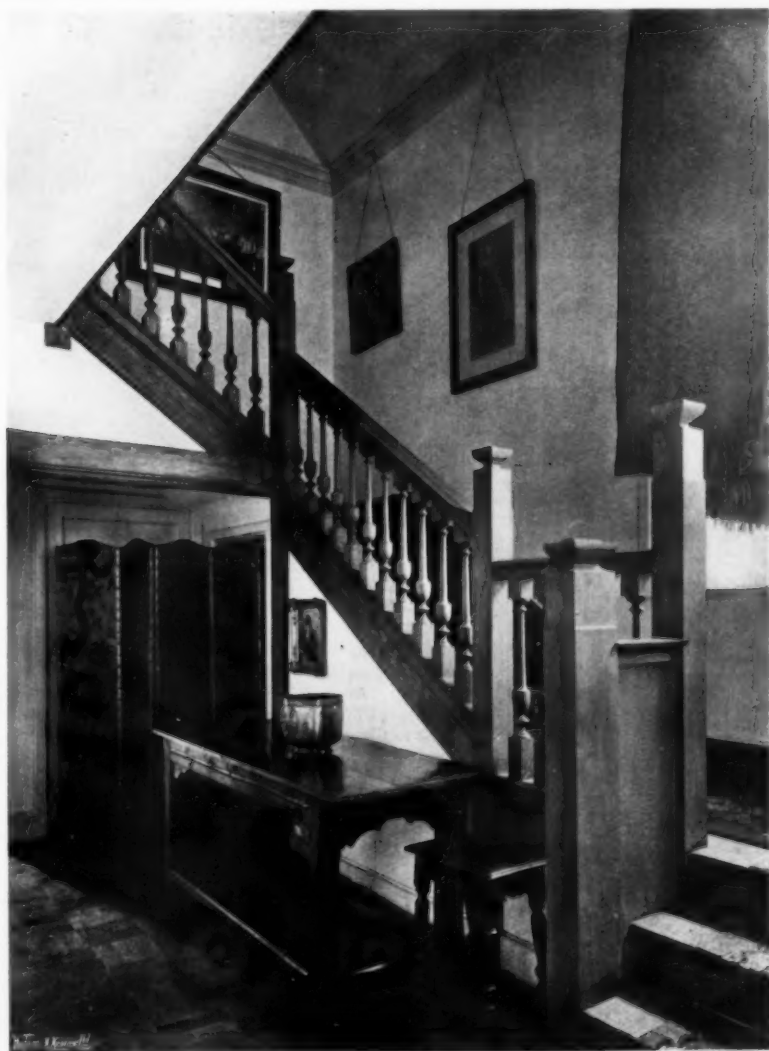


Copyright.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

adding roof-ridges and finials of cast-iron mediævalism. But the "Gothic rectory" style has fortunately ceased to be fashionable. If the parish priest is to live a distinctive life, let his domicile be in its essence and its structure the expression of that distinction. But if the exercise of his calling does not in a marked manner tincture his domestic habits any more than in the case of the doctor or the lawyer, then there had better be no factitious forms and adjuncts to his house. Except, perhaps, for some slight accentuation of the spirit of simplicity and restraint, let it be on the same scheme and in the same style as that of his neighbours. Such, evidently, was the principle which produced the building that is now to be described. Its situation next to the church makes it convenient for the incumbent, but there is nothing else about it of an ecclesiastical nature. It is a small-sized gentleman's house depending for its pleasant look upon the goodness of its lines and composition and not upon ornament. It is little more than a well-roofed parallelogram with little break or projection to its walling. On the east side large bays project half-a-dozen feet and their hipped roofs are carried through to the west side and are there similarly terminated. But there is no projection to the west, the main roof being brought down over the staircase window, where headroom for the upper storey was not needed. The main roof-ridge is not carried from end to end of the house, but stops short, and has gables, allowing of large windows for the attic bedrooms, below the sills of which spring the slopes of the roofage scheme of the north and south sides. This roofage, to the north, continues its descent in lean-to manner over the kitchen and offices, and there is a further projection of the building for out-house purposes, giving it ampleness of length and variety of skyline. A better-devised roof could not be. There is a reposeful quiet about its lines, and it is thoroughly well contrived to do the work of a roof; that is, to shoot the rain off without any fear of leakages in valleys, flats and obscure corners. It also affords abundant light to all the upper rooms of the house without the spottiness and dottiness which often result from dormer windows. The unbroken stretch of roofage to the east is quite delightful, and, with the almost continuous two-storeyed line of fenestration below it, any break in it would have been unfortunate. Whether, on the west side, the two skylights could have been avoided, or some other means of giving light at that point could have been contrived, was a matter worth more consideration than it perhaps received. They are rather ugly and not very practical. Their result is to give a little jar as one approaches the house on the entrance side, followed by a sense of real relief when one passes to the east and dwells on the entirely satisfactory arrangement which there prevails. As regards material, the bricks and tiles are local and hand-made; the stone which is used for the lower windows of the eastern bays came from Speldhurst: for other window mullioning, and for

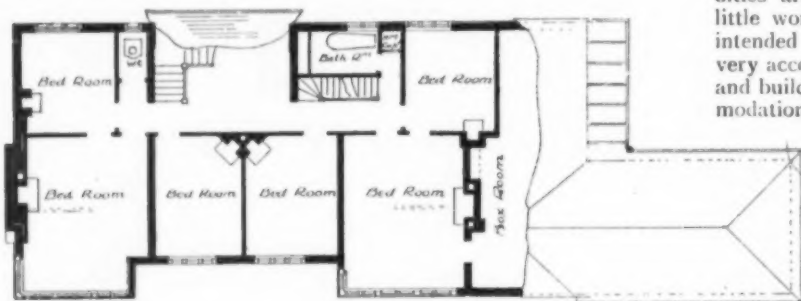


Copyright

THE STAIRCASE

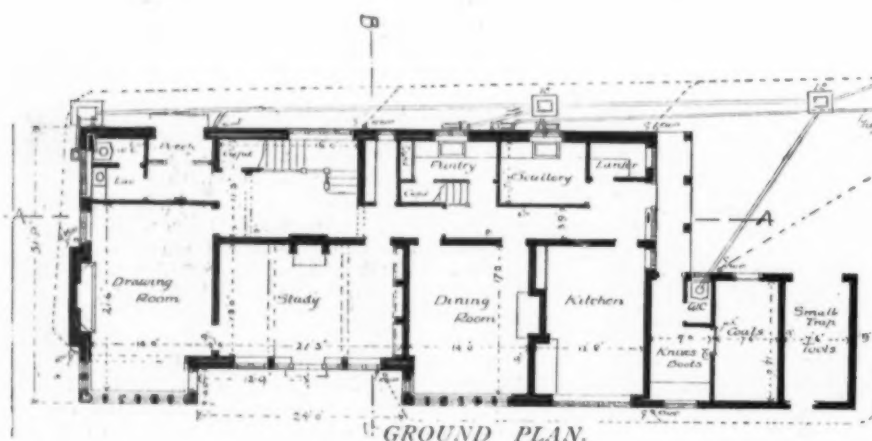
"COUNTRY LIFE."

the exposed woodwork of the eaves, American oak was used, so that external painting is almost entirely avoided, and a little additional initial outlay will result in a distinct after saving. The design and the placing of the three chimney-stacks are very happy. They rise at points where they are needed for effect. Their vertical lines carry up the eye just as it inclines to weary of the pronounced horizontalism of roof, weather tiling and windows. Their form and their mouldings are thoroughly satisfying, the elaborate shapeliness of the shafts



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

of that which rises from the ground to the south giving a well-considered touch of detail and ornament to the sober building. But they are not merely placed for effect. Their positions exactly suit the interior arrangement. The fireplaces are everywhere conveniently placed, and every bedroom has one. Stepping inside, we find ourselves in a roomy, well-lit hall, from which an ample staircase leads us up by easy treads. The woodwork is quite charming, unless it be that the slight lessening

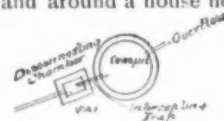


GROUND PLAN.

of the newel-posts towards the top gives a rather uncomfortable telescopic appearance, an idea that pressure on the finial will produce a contraction as of a railway buffer. The three well-shaped sitting-rooms all face east, the drawing-room having likewise south windows, while the dining-room also gets a southern peep from the side-light of its bay. The study of such a house is often much used, and yet is crushed and pushed into a corner by its arrogant neighbours the drawing and dining rooms. Here we find nothing of the kind. It is of ample dimensions—over 21ft. long—and has pleasant windows and glass doorway giving on to the garden. Yet the dining-room is of fully adequate size, while the drawing-room with its simple though well-designed, recessed fireplace has an air of comfortable spaciousness. The upstairs arrangement is revealed by the plan, and calls for no comment beyond a word of praise for its practical commodiousness and good use of space. The house is a thoroughly enjoyable one to live in—light, airy, healthy—and its quiet but considered details everywhere please the æsthetic sense. The site had its drawbacks—it was a flat of heavy clay; but a slight south-westerly slope allowed of effective drainage, while the whole of the ground floor was laid with wood blocks set in pitch on a 6in. layer of cement concrete. This treatment has proved perfectly satisfactory and the house is very dry. The contract price for the building was £1,875, and the total cost, including everything with the exception of the gates, fences and garden planting, was £1,920. The above additional items were not costly, as there was no fund for much garden amenity. That is the slight blot on a very satisfactory piece of work, but it is a blot which can be at any moment wiped out when finances permit. At present the house does not altogether escape the fault of very many of its kind. It has some appearance of a dumped commodity, and not of a natural outgrowth from the soil. Our ancestors were satisfied with moderate sitting-room accommodation and a decided paucity of bedrooms; but as

households were then largely self-supporting, offices and outbuildings were ample and outstretching, and the house was not an isolated block, but part of a composition. Still more so was this the case after Lawson, in James I.'s time, had preached and planned the small man's garden and orchard. With outbuildings reaching out on the one side, the walled or terraced garden on the other and the forecourt in front, the small country house of the past was adequately envired and was welded into the landscape. Nowadays all commodities are dropped daily by the tradesmen's carts, and very little work or storage room is needed. Where stabling is not intended the yard may almost be suppressed. But, on that very account, more thought should be given to garden lay-out and buildings. Too often, however, we ask for interior accommodation in such considerable and varied quantity that the

purse is empty before we emerge from the door. We can only afford a short roadway serpentine between laurels to the porch, a quarter of an acre of flat lawn with one gravel walk surrounding it, and a square patch of ground dug and fenced for vegetables. None of this adds to the presence of the house. It accentuates its ugliness if that is its character. It gives the impression of forlornness if it is of such good design as the Four Elms Vicarage. This house calls for a better framing; it complains that it has not had its deserts. No architect should make such a design without including an adequate surrounding. The precisely apt terrace and wall and garden-house and pergola should be in the sketch, and the preparations for them should show in the building. It is then for the client to say whether he can afford to carry out the scheme at once, or merely hang up the sketch to look at with an eye to the future. Another man's after-idea set on to and around a house not intended for it



will not be the same thing as if the whole was one connected and thought-out composition. Completeness of design—the

inclusion of every right adjunct and detail—should be the watchword of the earnest and excellent school of young architects which we have to-day. It may not all be realised, but it fosters hope, and hope plays a large part in keeping the human race going. Mr. Maberly Smith has been constrained by circumstances to leave Four Elms Vicarage a little unsupported. But he evidently knows exactly what is needed, and the present incumbent, who has worked so well with his architect and, in his furnishing, has done

so much justice to the rooms, must certainly be looking forward to the possibility of some day giving the finishing exterior touches to the charming home he has done much to create.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE COMING OF SPRING ON THE CAIRNGORMS.

LONG after spring has arrived in the low-lying districts the lonely Cairngorm Mountains are still in the grip of winter, and April has usually passed before the snows on the mountains begin to dwindle and the dark rocks of corrie and precipice reappear once more. It is at this season, when spring commences to make its presence felt on the snows of the hills, that the Cairngorms have a special charm, and a day spent amid their lonely solitudes must well repay the lover of the beautiful. As you leave the keeper's cottage in wild Glen Derry, where you have spent the night, the wind is blowing heavy sleet showers from the mountains to the west; but as the sun gains in strength, the clouds lift and break, and as you push on through the famous Larig Ghru—the mountain pass connecting the Spey with the Dee—the weather is clear and promising. As you cross the Lui Burn, which has its source in Ben Muich Dhui (4,296ft.), and look up the glen, you note that Ben Muich Dhui is as yet shrouded in mist, but even on its lower slopes carries a great amount of snow. To the east, Lochnagar (3,800ft.), made famous by the poet Byron, is clearly seen, and as we round the shoulders of Carn a' Mhaim (3,700ft.) and enter the Larig Ghru proper, one by one the Cairngorms come into view. Glen Geuschan, the sanctuary for the deer in the forest of Mar, with Monadh Mohr, covered deep under many feet of snow, at its head, is to our west, while further north the Devil's Point (3,300ft.) with its precipitous rocky slopes, where the golden eagle has its eyrie, stands out dark and forbidding. Behind it Cairntoul (4,241ft.), perhaps the most imposing of the Cairngorm Mountains, is dazzling white in the strong sun, with its summit just touched by light fleecy clouds, which are slowly but surely rising. Facing you, but still some miles to the north, Brae Riach

(4,248 ft.) is seen, and on the eastern side of the pass, Ben Muich Dhui, the second highest hill in Britain. The pine forest is now left behind, the last trees being passed at an altitude of just under 2,000 ft. You note a kestrel, which seems loth to leave the neighbourhood, and probably he is thinking of nesting in one of the ancient grey crows' nests which are to be met with on nearly every tree. The eagle, too, nests in the outskirts of a forest rather than actually in it, and prefers a tree on a sloping hillside so that he may have an extensive view from the eyrie. In this district it is pleasing to state that the eagles are allowed to rear their young in peace, as grouse are seldom seen in any numbers and are very rarely shot.

A LONELY BOTHY.

As the Devil's Point is left behind, you note a tiny keeper's bothy built at the foot of Cairntoul and just across the river Dee. Though on Deeside, the nearest village to it is actually on Speyside, some ten miles to the north, and the bothy is one of the most wild and isolated habitations in Scotland. There is only one room, but notwithstanding its primitive condition, a keeper lives there alone during the summer months, and his solitary candle placed by the window has been the means of guiding more than one worn-out traveller who had lost his bearings in the mist. This hut is only some five miles from the source of the Dee, but even here the spring salmon occasionally penetrate, making their appearance late in July.

THE SOURCE OF THE DEE.

A mile or so before the country march between Inverness and Aberdeen is reached, the river Dee divides into two branches. One of these, known as the Garbhchoire, strikes west, and has its source on the summit plateau of Brae Riach, where it issues from the ground at a height of some 4,000 ft. above sea-level. This source is known as the Wells of Dee, whereas the springs on the summit of the Ghruamach Pass are known as the Pools of Dee. Although the burn coming from the Pools is larger than that from the Wells, it has the shorter course, so the former is generally known as the true source of the river. A mile or so below its source the infant Dee plunges over the precipices of Brae Riach, and drops close on 1,000 ft. in long waterfalls. At this time of year the river is completely hidden beneath the snow, even where it falls over the cliffs, and does not issue from the snow-bridge till it has joined the larger body of water. Near the summit of the pass you have a view of great wildness looking up the Garbhchoire, with Cairntoul and the Angel's Peak—so called; it is said to keep the Devil's Point in its place—on the left of the valley and Brae Riach's massive bulk to the right. You cross the Dee a short distance below the Pools by means of a gigantic snow-bridge many feet in depth, beneath which you can faintly hear the rush of the water.

AN ALPINE CLIMB.

Having crossed the infant river, you strike up the almost perpendicular face of Brae Riach. You now have passed beyond the snow-line, and as each step has to be cut, going is necessarily slow. You are struck by the scarcity of ptarmigan, only three or four being seen during the ascent to the summit cairn, but doubtless the golden eagle has been over the ground in advance. As you ascend the hill the clouds are seen to be descending all round, and soon a blinding shower of snow sweeps down from the west. Before it clears you have gained the summit plateau, and as the sun bursts forth the view is majestic in the extreme. A cornice of snow many feet thick projects over the edge of the precipice, and the whole plateau is a stretch of spotless white, with the summit cairn deeply encrusted with snow and ice.

THE DELIGHTS OF GLISSADING.

Taking a somewhat different route for the descent, you strike an almost perpendicular slope with a large snow cornice projecting over it. On an average day the snow would be too hard to glissade down the slope; but to-day the strong sun has softened the surface and allows you to "brake" with your feet as you descend. Still, it requires a good deal of courage to start yourself over the edge, especially as another of the party has preceded you, with hardly successful results; but once launched away the "going" is not so fast as you expected, and the bottom of the slope is reached without mishap, after a delightfully exhilarating experience. In the distance are seen a party of mountaineers crossing the Larig Ghruamach from Braemar to Aviemore, and from the slow progress they are making it is conjectured that they are finding the walk through the snow somewhat trying. A magnificent view is obtained of the whole length of the pass to the south, with Beinn a Ghlo (the Mist Mountain) in the background.

EAGLE AND PTARMIGAN.

Just before regaining the pass you discern a small speck in the vast expanse

of snow, and closer inspection shows it to be a dead ptarmigan. The bird is scarcely cold and in beautiful plumage, having already lost a great many of its white winter feathers. These have been replaced by the greyish lichen-coloured ones of the summer dress, and the young, immature feathers are seen growing beneath the larger ones, showing that the authorities who state that the bird does not moult during the change of colour are mistaken. According to these authorities, new feathers are not grown, but the winter ones lose their whiteness and become lichen-coloured. Evidently this particular bird has fallen a victim to the golden eagle, which you have before now seen chasing ptarmigan, seemingly for the mere pleasure of the thing. The dead ptarmigan is the last interesting object seen during the long tramp through the pass, until at length the welcome light of the keeper's lodge is seen in the clear mountain air, and your destination is reached after an outing on the hills of more than thirteen hours' duration.

SETON GORDON.

ORNAMENTAL GEESE.

DARWIN did not often make a mistake, but when he ascribed the small amount of variation in the domestic goose to the fact that it has not been much "selected" because no one makes a pet of it, he was forgetting that this has not always been the case. Penelope consoled her dreary waiting for the long-absent Ulysses



AT THE WATER'S EDGE.

by watching her pet geese — pets they seem to have been, for there is no mention of geese as food in the Homeric poems. In the state of society therein depicted, geese were useful pets, even if not eaten, on account of their well-known watchfulness; "more wary than dogs" is the goose, according to one classical poet. The Sebastopol goose, which is usually included among ornamental birds, though its claim to the adjective may be questioned, was imported from the Crimea during the Russian War. It

is believed to be fairly plentiful in Northern Russia. In this curious breed the feathers of the back are long, loose and curled, hanging down nearly to the ground, so that the bird looks as if it had a curious kind of fleece, while the wing-quills are deformed, twisted and useless. These geese are white, or only slightly pied, and are always admired as curiosities; but they should be kept pure, as crossing with other geese produces a bird which is merely ugly, frouzy-looking and no curiosity at all. Perhaps the commonest of ornamental geese is a bird which in Eastern Asia is the ordinary domestic goose of the country, the common goose not being found as a domestic bird further East than the Western Frontier of India. This is the Chinese goose (*Cygnopsis cygnoides*), the descendant of a wild species whose range is to the east of India. In China and Japan it has long been domesticated and



CHINESE GEESE.

the geese of India have been derived from this source. The wild Chinese goose seems never to have been imported here, and anyone can see at a glance that the ordinary specimens are domesticated birds by their heavy form. However, they retain the wild colouring, which is in various shades of brown and buff, and quite handsome enough to justify the popularity of these geese as ornamental fowl. White Chinese geese are often seen, but are, of course, less distinctive in

appearance than the natural-coloured ones. The knob on the bill of these birds is much more conspicuous in the gander than in the goose, and is sometimes absent; indeed, it is usually so in the original wild bird. If Chinese geese are to be regarded as ornamental birds, they ought, I think, to be bred back as much as possible to this wild type, as a portly farmyard-looking goose is out of place in a park. Being domesticated, they can safely be allowed the use of their wings, though it is as well to clip one of these when the birds are first obtained and they are not used to the place.

I should suggest, however, to anyone who breeds geese for profit that a trial should be made of the Chinese in this capacity. Very large, heavy specimens can be bred, for this is a breed almost as big as our Toulouse geese, and the Chinese geese are much better layers than ours, since they will produce



ON THE PENN PONDS.

two sittings in a season. The "game" geese of Russia, which are kept for fighting, are, I believe, descended from hybrids between the Chinese and common goose; at any rate, Pallas, writing a century ago, said that the two species were crossed for this purpose, and he noted the fact, which had been known to Linnæus before him, that hybrid geese were fertile.

This fact is sufficiently remarkable when one considers that these two kinds of geese are quite as distinct as many species which only produce barren hybrids; but it is not now so isolated an occurrence as it was in Darwin's time, for a good many fertile hybrids have been recorded since then. Geese in domestication are particularly prone to produce hybrids, which is sufficiently extraordinary, because, as far as I know, there is no case on record of a hybrid among wild geese, although wild hybrids among the ducks are often recorded.

Next to the Chinese, the most popular goose in parks is the Canadian, the common wild goose of North America. This grand bird, conspicuous by its satiny coal black head and neck, set off by a white



EGYPTIAN GEES.

beautifully-contrasted plumage of black, white and French grey make it an ornamental adjunct to ponds on which the large geese

would look coarse and out of place. Although one usually sees Bernicles pinioned, there are some unpinioned specimens on the London park waters which remain there contentedly—a fact which is really wonderful when we consider that this goose is naturally such an inveterate migrant, and goes so far away from its winter haunts in Western Europe to breed that its real breeding-grounds have never yet been discovered. Thus, though the old fable of its origin from the barnacle shells is now only a memory, the Bernicle goose is still a bird of mystery. It also has the great advantage of being, for a goose, a very quiet bird, while it is a fairly good breeder in confinement.

The last of the common ornamental geese I have to notice here—the Egyptian—is, properly, not a true goose at all, but a large species of sheldrake, as is abundantly shown by its handsome colours—especially the green and white on the wings—its elegant form, in the difference of voice between the sexes and last, but not least, in its very peppery disposition. Even such

a small point of habit as the quick trampling on the ground when excited by the prospect of being fed, characteristic of the



IN THE WATER.

crescent on the throat, is one of the largest of the geese, and surpasses them all in the wild music of its "honking," the note of

the ordinary geese needing the associations of sport to make it tolerable, while the horrible noise the Chinese goose is all too fond of emitting is really one of the few drawbacks that otherwise estimable bird possesses. The Canadian goose is so free a breeder in captivity, and has been naturalised in our parks for so long, that many birds have strayed away and are found leading a perfectly wild life; indeed, the species may now be counted as one of our British birds, as it is quite established in an independent state in several localities. It has also been successfully introduced into New Zealand, where there were no geese at all when the country was first colonised. As a park bird the Canadian goose possesses the great recommendation that it need not be permanently deprived of the power of flight; for though, as has been said, a great many have strayed away at different times, many unpinioned specimens may be seen remaining permanently in the same haunts.

The same may be said of the most beautiful of our common British wild geese, the Bernicle, whose comparatively small size, delicate build and



BERNICLE GOOSE AND CHINESE.

common sheldrake, I have seen repeated in this so-called goose. Egyptian geese are not by any means confined to Egypt, but are well known all over Africa south of that country, where none of the true geese, which are all Northern birds, occur. Nevertheless, they stand our climate perfectly, and, like the Canadian, have long been established here as park birds; but, though often shot in a free state, they cannot be called truly wild anywhere in Britain. Nevertheless, it is possible to have them about a place unopinioned, in which case they will often go back to their ancestral African habit of breeding in trees, a peculiarity which naturally makes them particularly interesting. In most of the geese I have mentioned the sexes are hard to

distinguish; but there is no trouble about this with the Egyptians, for the gander can only utter a husky chatter, while the goose has a peculiarly unpleasant note, something between a quack and a bark. They are not, however, annoyingly noisy.

In keeping these various geese, little or no trouble is involved; no one is likely to want to keep them where there is not a good grass range, and all the food they will need beyond grass is some grain, with the addition of crushed and soaked dog-biscuit for the goslings. No housing is necessary, so on the whole, as they do not need so much water as swans, the ornamental geese are the easiest birds one can possibly keep if protected from the assaults of vermin. FRANK FINN.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

WITHIN the course of a few weeks the University of Cambridge will, in what promises to be a simple yet stately manner, celebrate the centenary of Charles Darwin. In the meantime no unworthy monument to him has been produced in the shape of a book called *Darwin and Modern Science* (Cambridge University Press). It consists of essays by the greatest authorities on science in the world. Sir J. Dalton Hooker contributes a brief introductory letter in which he points out how appropriately the editorship has been entrusted to the Cambridge Professor of Botany, since it was owing to a predecessor in that office, the Rev. J. S. Henslow, that Darwin was appointed naturalist to the *Beagle*. The essays themselves furnish a most impressive proof of the vast influence exerted by the author of "The Descent of Man," who modestly wrote in his Autobiography, "With such moderate abilities as I possess it is truly surprising that I should have influenced the belief of scientific men on some important points." The achievement of Darwin is admirably defined by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, "He won widespread conviction by showing with consummate skill that it (the doctrine of descent) was an effective formula to work with, a key which no lock refused." In the words of Professor Osborn, "Before and after Darwin" will always be the *ante et post urbem conditam* of biological history." His very phrases, such as "the struggle for existence," "the survival of the fittest" and "the missing link," have become as familiar as the most notable passages in Shakespeare. It was an admirable idea, therefore, to summon men of scientific mark from every part of the world that unitedly they might make a great survey of the lines on which knowledge has advanced since the time of Darwin. It is his glory that he left an uncompleted work. A lifetime was insufficient for more. Indeed, it is astonishing that he accomplished as much as he did. Darwin's health was so delicate that he could never do more than two hours' work in a day, and his thoroughness and devotion to truth prevented him from covering much ground in that brief space. But if he had been sufficiently robust to labour twelve hours out of the twenty-four, he still would have had to be content with pointing the way to others. How enormous were the fields he threw open to new research will be apparent from a mere glance at the table of contents. Between the work of Weismann, de Vries, Bateson, Haeckel and Schwalbe and that of the author of the "Golden Bough" what a great range of study intervenes! Yet the key which no lock refuses is applied with equal success to heredity and folk-lore. Until his death in 1902, that is to say, for thirty years, the eminent German scientific man, Professor Virchow, stuck doggedly to his statement, "It is quite certain that man has descended neither from the ape nor from any other animal." But to-day many of the most luminous exponents of evolution come from Germany. Professor Weismann's essay in particular is sure to attract wide attention. It is a little treatise on the whole subject, going systematically through the theories of natural selection and sexual selection. One of the most interesting passages is that which shows the connection between the scent of flowers and that of certain insects. He says:

It is a pity that our organs of smell are not fine enough to examine the fragrance of male Lepidoptera in general, and to compare it with other perfumes which attract these insects. As far as we can perceive them they resemble the fragrance of flowers, but there are Lepidoptera whose scent suggests musk. A smell of musk is also given off by several plants; it is a sexual excitant in the musk-deer, the musk-sheep, and the crocodile.

Among the many "pretty little problems" to which he directs attention, one of the most interesting is that, although certain orchids and other flowers give forth no agreeable odour, but one that is disgusting and repulsive to us, and we might, therefore, expect that some insects would give off an equally unpleasant smell, Professor Weismann says "there is no case known to me in which this has been demonstrated." All that he says about decorative colour is put in the simplest language and has the charm of a literary essay. His remarks on mimicry, again, give freshness to a familiar subject.

De Vries, from the University of Amsterdam, deals with the subject of variability. We have not space in which to examine his opinions here, but our readers will find it profitable to study that part of his paper which deals particularly with the breeding of cereals—a subject on which much has appeared in our columns. Professor Bateson carries on the topic in his paper on "Variation and Heredity in Modern Lights." The articles on strictly evolutionary themes are remarkable generally as illustrating the immense intellectual activity which is still under the stimulation of Darwin's work. These are not closet essays in the usual acceptance of the word, but the meditations of men who have been actively engaged in working out the problems set them by their great teacher. They do not wholly agree between themselves, and it would be very unreasonable to expect independent investigators to do so. The editor has left them a wise discretion, and accordingly it would be easy to bring together contradictory statements. These are of minor importance, and, doubtless, will be cleared away in process of time. Towards the end of the book physics begin to trench on metaphysics, and these essays to the general public will, perhaps, be the most welcome in the volume. The influence of the conception of evolution on modern philosophy is dealt with by Professor Höffding of Copenhagen. He traces the decline of the romantic movement and the great realistic movements to-day. He recalls the despair which seized on many minds when it appeared from the new doctrine that blind force seemed to reign and that the world was, so to speak, mechanically built up. But these shadows have passed. Darwin's own final remark was that "the safest conclusion seems to me that the whole subject is beyond the scope of men's intellect; but man can do his duty." The essayist carries this on a little further in suggesting that "the conditions of life allow of continuous ethical striving, so that there is a certain harmony between cosmic order and human ideals." To Professor Bouglé was allotted the fascinating theme "Darwinism and Sociology." The Darwinian system has been applied to history, with the result that the general conclusion has been arrived at that not only society, but its laws and its code of morals, have been evolved as much as has the human frame. A more delicate subject is dealt with by Mr. Waggett in "The Influence of Darwinism on Religious Thought." The essayist recalls the disturbance of faith that followed the publication of "The Origin of Species," but on the whole he takes an encouraging view of the result. The whole tone of this article shows what an immense change has been worked in the theological mind since the time when Huxley was forced into a very harsh antagonism by the unsympathetic manner in which the new doctrines were received. It is very evident that the new spirit is in favour of accepting truth wherever it can be found, and it is very curious that the danger at present is not that scientists will become too materialistic, but that they will raise up new forms of mysticism. A passage from Mr. Waggett's paper will illustrate this better than any remarks of our own:

I submit that the more men know of actual Christian teaching, its fidelity to the past, and its sincerity in face of discovery, the more certainly they will judge that the stimulus of the doctrine of evolution has produced in the long run vigour as well as flexibility in the doctrine of Creation and of man. And we cannot help quoting also the final passage:

We have gained also a language and a habit of thought more fit for the great and dark problems that remain, less liable to damaging conflicts, equipped for more rapid assimilation of knowledge. And by this change biology itself is a gainer. For, relieved of fruitless encounters with popular religion, it may advance with surer aim along the path of really scientific life-study, which was reopened for modern men by the publication of *The Origin of Species*.

Charles Darwin regretted that, in following science, he had not done "more direct good" to his fellow-creatures. He has, in fact, rendered substantial service to interests bound up with the daily conduct and hopes of common men; for his work has led to improvements in the preaching of the Christian faith.

The paper is supplemented by another from Miss Jane Ellen Harrison on "The Influence of Darwinism on the Study of

Religions." It is full of information and will be read with advantage. Next we come to "Evolution and the Science of Language," a searching paper by Professor Giles of Aberdeen. Enough has been said to make good our point that this book is no unworthy monument to the memory of Charles Darwin.

A NOVELIST-POET.

Artemis to Actæon and other Verse, by Edith Wharton. (Macmillan.) THE name of Mrs. Wharton must be added to the list of those writers of romance who have also attempted verse; and like many of her forerunners in this enterprise, she has succeeded in being dramatic and stimulating, though her poetry lacks something of the melody which we expect in a master of that craft. Her Muse is very much akin to that of Browning in so far as it is more often presenting the problems in life than the simple and sensuous songs which come to the lips of the horn singer. "Because I love thee thou shalt die" is the message of Artemis to Actæon in the poem which gives a name to the volume. "Vesalius in Zante" is founded on a curious legend of the Middle Ages. Vesalius, the great anatomist, sacrificed his opportunities for free research to Mammon—in other words, he became the Court physician, where he was rich and honoured but was not allowed to use the scalpel. In the year 1563 he set out for the East—some say as a penance to which the Church had condemned him for opening the body of a woman before she was actually dead, but more probably to escape from the sickness of his long servitude. He had sinned against the light in giving up his studies, and Mrs. Wharton's poetry is the interpretation of a struggle between the scholar and the man of the world that made up his dual personality:

"He that loseth
His life shall find it": so the Scripture runs.
But I so hugged the fleeting self in me,
So loved the lovely perishable hours,
So kissed myself to death upon their lips,
That on one pyre we perished in the end—
A grimmer bonfire than the Church e'er lit!
Yet all was well—or seemed so—till I heard
That younger voice, an echo of my own,
And, like a wanderer turning to his home,
Who finds another on the hearth, and learns,
Half-dazed, that other is his actual self
In name and claim, as the whole parish swears,
So strangely, suddenly, stood dispossessed
Of that same self I had sold all to keep
A baffled ghost that none would see or hear!

"Margaret of Cortona" is a still deeper glimpse into the soul. Margaret belonged to the tribe of those who have loved much and sinned much, but her later years had been spent in repentance so deep that it was said the picture of Christ upon the wall bent "His thorn-crowned Head in mute forgiveness." But, still, when dying her thoughts go back to her lover, and once again we see the struggle between the flesh and the spirit. For on the eve of dying the thought comes to her:

Suppose my lover had not died!—
Think you I ever would have left him living,
Even to be Christ's blessed Margaret?

This is the most powerful study in a book where intellect reigns supreme. The most obvious defect lies in the diction. The poetess is addicted to bringing into her verse uncouth and unmusical words, as when she begins a poem: "Now the high holocaust of hours is done." "Holocaust" is a vile word in that connection. Again, how many of our readers would understand the following:

Who are but what you make us, wood or stone,
Or cold chryselephantine hung with gems.

The word "chryselephantine" is far-fetched at the best, and more fitted for the use of an obscure prose writer than of a poet. But this only proves our assertion that as a writer of verse Mrs. Wharton belongs to the school of Robert Browning. Her sympathy, insight and intellect generally find adequate play in this book, but the *curiosa fericitas* is lacking in it.

VOLUNTEERING REMINISCENCES.

Fifty Years of It: The Experiences and Struggles of a Volunteer of 1859, by J. H. A. Macdonald. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

IN writing these reminiscences Lord Kingsburgh has very properly used the name which was so very familiar among Volunteers during his long connection with them. This, as it might have been expected from the vivacity and many-sidedness of the author, is a piece of most agreeable reading as well as being a notable contribution to the history of volunteering. Lord Kingsburgh wields his pen with wit and humour. He tells us, for instance, that the sacrifices that he made were not of a very serious nature. Only one gift did he lay on the altar of patriotism: "On my return home after being enrolled and sworn, I ascended straight to my room and ruthlessly swept off from my cheeks a very promising pair of Lord Dundreary whiskers, which had been carefully cherished as a proud possession. My moustache had perished as an oblation to the goddess of justice when I became an intransigent for the Bar, as in those days a youth with hair on his lips would have certainly been ploughed at his examination, even if he had known Justinian and Stair by heart." His first drilling took place in the old Parliament House of Scotland, and as a lawyer he recalls that in that legislative assembly, 367 years before, the King, Lords and Commons had passed an Act which still stands unrepealed upon the Statute Book. It ran as follows: "It is statute and ordained that in na place of the Realme there be used fute-ball, golfe, or other ilk like unprofitable sports, for the common good of the Realme and defence thereof. And that bows and schutting be hanted, and bow-markes made therefore in ilk parochin, under pain of fourteen schillings to be raised by the Sheriffs and Baillies foresaid." Not many Scotchmen would escape if this law were in force to-day.

Many excellent stories are told of the officers of those days, of which we have only space to give one: "One other incident I have been reminded of. A certain captain, having on leaving home automatically picked up his tall hat, drove to the drill-ground, and there took off his greatcoat, which had concealed his uniform, and stalked up to the front of his company with erect and soldierly bearing. The company—and no wonder—showed considerable unsteadiness that day, and when he stormed at them from under his silk topper it made matters worse. It may be doubted whether even regulars could have held themselves steady." The chapter on the variety of uniforms is extremely amusing, and his memories of the great reviews held by Queen Victoria will interest many.

A WARNING TO ENGLAND.

England and the English from an American Point of View, by Price Collier. (Duckworth.)

ENGLISHMEN will be foolish if they disregard the straight, though not unfriendly, warning conveyed in this book. The author is actuated by no hostility. On the contrary, he is generous in recognition of the merits that have made England the country that it was in the past and that it continues to be to-day. But he sees on every hand signs that the existence of the British Empire is in the near future to be seriously imperilled. Facts are stated which it is difficult to get over. Among them is a table which compares the advance made by three countries—Great Britain, Germany and the United States—within the last seven years, in which it is made plain that the other two countries are going ahead at a much greater rate than we are. In that period our exports have increased by only 62 per cent., as compared with 116 per cent. for Germany and 110 per cent. for the United States. Our imports have increased by 53 per cent., those of Germany by 113 per cent., and of the United States by 74 per cent. Our manufactured exports have increased only by 50 per cent., those of Germany by 124 per cent., and of the United States by 320 per cent. We have gained in population 6,500,000, compared with 12,000,000 in the one country and 26,000,000 in the other. The migration from Great Britain in 1890 was 109,000 and in 1907 235,000; from Germany it was 97,000 in 1890 and 31,600 in 1907. The gross railway receipts of Great Britain increased by 52 per cent., those of Germany by 102 per cent., and of America by 126 per cent. Our consumption of coal increased by 33 per cent., that of Germany by 91 per cent., and of America by 174 per cent. If this is a good measure of the manufacturing activity of the countries, it shows that Germany is now very nearly alongside of us and the United States far in front. Our production of pig-iron has increased by 27 per cent., that of Germany by 174 per cent., and of the United States by 179 per cent. Lastly, the Savings Bank deposits have increased in Great Britain by 100 per cent., but by 151 per cent. in Germany and by 125 per cent. in the United States. This is a statement which no ingenuity can refute, and the comment upon it by Mr. Price Collier is an expression of astonishment that during the prevalence of such a state of things the State should be coquetting openly with Socialism. Instead of bending our energies to keep up with others in the race, we are taking the wealth of the rich to endow the aged poor with pensions. Our critic finds the real reason for the Old Age Pensions Act in the fact that the birth-rate is declining and the number of young people is decreasing in proportion to the population; while the modern lengthening of life has increased the proportion of the old. He goes on to remark that "if the children are to be State educated, and the aged to be State supported, and tariff reform is to follow to enable those between fifteen and sixty to make enough in forty-five years to be able to take care of the unfortunate young and the shiftless old as well as themselves, the whole complexion of British life is bound to change. Sturdy self-reliance, and common-sense, and manly dealing with their own affairs and the Imperial affairs so largely intrusted to them, will, if they do not disappear, droop into a tendency to lean upon the State." The writer goes on to praise the freedom and liberty enjoyed in England for the last thousand years, and then bewails the fact that to-day every important legislative movement is in some sort a plea and a plan to soften men, which he calls death to the Saxon. Finally he reaches this conclusion: "At a time when over 32,000,000 of the population of the United Kingdom are dwellers in cities and towns; this people, who, more than all others, have won their victories and achieved their development on the land and out of doors, it seems hardly the proper work of far-seeing statesmanship to weaken them still further by pandering to their own ignorant shortcuts to salvation." Our extracts from this book may, perhaps, give the impression that it is written in hostility to England; but those who read the charming account of our home-life and of English sport will quickly see that the passages are taken not to show ill-natured criticism on the part of the author, but because they convey a warning that Englishmen at the present moment cannot afford to neglect. Foreign opinion has been described as an anticipation of the verdict of posterity, and if this is a fair sample of it, the time is, indeed, come for us all to re-echo the war-cry of the Prince of Wales, "Wake up England."

GLANES ROMANTIQUES.

Victor Hugo à Vingt Ans, by Pierre Dufay. (Mercure de France.)

TO all lovers of literature its history is an absorbingly interesting subject. French literature has for several reasons had many advantages over contemporary literature of other countries. For in matters of form and style the literature of France has very justly been a model to writers of other nations; and in the long story of its history, from the famous "Chanson de Roland" and "Amis et Amies," down to the present day, there has been a continuous and unbroken interest. And among the many famous names which it numbers, one of the most famous will always be that of Victor Marie Hugo. Judged impartially, Hugo is certainly one of the greatest poets France has ever given to the world, and assuredly he is the greatest poet of his age. In estimating his position it must not be forgotten that it was largely he who revolutionised the literature of his day. For he, indeed, carried the Romantic Movement across the Rubicon, so to speak, and made impossible, at least for the time, any return to the classical traditions. At the age of twenty-four, in

his "Odes et Ballades," and three years later, in his "Orientales," he gave proof of his revolutionary tendencies. In the variety and irregularity of his rhythm and metre, even in his very choice of subject, in the colour and fire of his language, so different from the classic correctness, and in his neglect of the conventional periphrases, he showed that he was a rebel to the classical traditions. And it was the production of Hugo's "Hernani" in 1830 that made complete the victory of the Romantic Movement. As a poet, Hugo will always hold a supreme place with those who know "La Légende des Siècles," "Chants du Crépuscule" and "Les Voix Intérieures." M. Du'ay has edited and annotated some characteristic letters written by the poet as a young man. The youth of a man like Hugo is always full of interest. At the age of seventeen he was a contributor to *Le Conservateur Littéraire*, and at the age of twenty he published his "Odes et Poésies Diverses." These

"Glances Romantiques," which M. Dufay has collected, make interesting reading, and throw many sidelights on a man who, more than any other, influenced the literature of his age.
G. H. B.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Barbary Sheep, by Robert Hichens. (Methuen.)
Peter Homunculus, by Gilbert Cannan. (Heinemann.)
Wheel Magic, by J. W. Allen. (John Lane.)
The School of Madrid, by A. de Beruete y Moret. (Duckworth.)
The Spindles of the Loom, by K. M. Edge. (Murray.)
Joan of the Hills, by T. B. Clegg. (John Lane.)

[*NOVELS OF THE WEEK* ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE XC.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

SPRING MEETING AT ST. ANDREWS.

EVIL reputations die very hard, and it has ever been the reputation of the St. Andrews medal days to be attended by atrocious weather. We must confess that some recent medal days have gone far to redeem it, and that none could well have been more perfect than that on which the spring medal of this year was played for, and won (a most popular victory) by Mr. J. L. Low. The

winning score of 81 does not look a very good one in comparison with those of some former meetings; but the day, for all its beauty and sunshine, was one of those on which it is most difficult to play golf beautifully. The wind was strong against the home-coming, so that some of the holes which are normal fours could not be reached in two strokes, the putting greens were very bare of grass, which is at least three weeks later in growth than usual, and not very true, and the bunkers were filled with water as one has never seen them before at such a late date. It is evidence enough of the merit of the score that it headed a good field by two strokes, Mr. Palmer winning second honours with a very steady 83.

WATER ON THE COURSE.

The problem of the water in the bunkers, and in many places casually on the course in spring, threatens to become almost as serious a one for St. Andrews as the congestion, owing to the multitude of players, in the autumn. The autumn visitors see nothing of it, but the water lies, in a wet year, right through the winter and up to the date of the spring meeting at the beginning of May—a big slice of the year. "Cut drains, put in pipes and drain the water out to the foreshore," is the solution which readily suggests itself to the intelligence of the ordinary golfer; but when he is informed that the fall of the ground from the Cottage Bunker to the aforesaid foreshore has been accurately ascertained to be just one inch, it "gives him to think." Mr. Kinloch suggested at the business meeting of the club that the advice of an expert engineer be called in, and it is possible that the suggestion may be acted on, and that good results may follow. At present the only solution offered, which seems worthy of the name, is that the drainage should be effected to the foreshore by a canal fitted with swing water gates, which would open when the water was running towards the sea, as it would do, presumably, at low tide, but would shut automatically when the inflowing tide bore against them.

ONE MEDAL A YEAR.

As long as there are monthly medals and Bogeys competitions, so long will more or less misguided persons be found to play in them; but the general interest taken in them is the slightest possible. To amend this state of things, as far as regards themselves, the Woking Goh Club are trying something of an experiment on Saturday. The monthly medal has mercifully long disappeared, but there remained two meetings a year at which there were various very nice cups to play for, but to which few members of the club paid the smallest attention. If one came down to play an ordinary game and found a meeting in progress, one probably paid one's money to the sweep and took out a card; somebody ultimately won a cup, and was rather bored at having to take it away with him. Now the committee have boldly swept

away these two meetings, and decided on having just one scoring round in the whole year, and are trying to make that one round really interesting. Next Saturday's meeting should be a success because there are a great many good players in the club, and most of them are coming to play, so that the scratch medal should take some winning; there are, of course, also a handicap prize and a sweep. One really good medal a year is worth a thousand monthly Bogeys, and this rather sweeping policy is worth trying by clubs whose programme is overcrowded with small and insipid competitions. The

multiplicity of little scoring competitions has, in the past, cast an unfair slur on all medal play and medal players. To play a good scoring round is a very difficult thing, and he who does it deserves infinite credit; but the thing has been so overdone at many clubs that there has arisen a tendency to class everything to do with a card and pencil under the head of pot-hunting.

CRUDEN BAY.

As soon as the qualifying round at Cruden Bay was over, having afforded one slight thrill by reason of Braid taking as many as 80 for the first round, the casual reader, looking at the draw for the match play, must have said at once, "O, Braid and Taylor in the final, I suppose." This was the obvious thing to say, but so many funny things can happen in an eighteen-hole match that there always seemed a possibility of something a little more novel and entertaining; perhaps Tom Ball might beat Braid, or Taylor fall before either Robson or Duncan. Taylor had one very narrow shave indeed, for he was dorny one down to Coltart, but he worried through successfully, and, sure enough, he and Braid met in the final. Braid had given Taylor a serious drubbing at Winchester a few days before (an unkind thing to do, for Winchester was once Taylor's home course), but this time Taylor just got home; and, as he had also been top of the list in score play, he was certainly the hero of the meeting. Reid gained two fine scalps for his girdle by defeating Vardon and Herd, but he could not quite manage Braid as well; it seems beyond the powers of any of the young men to beat more than two of these great men, and indeed to beat one of them is a hard enough task. When the *News of the World* tournament was played at Hollinwell, Duncan beat Braid and Taylor, but Herd avenged them, and this time Braid did the same by Herd and Vardon. Braid and Taylor might almost adapt to their own use the proud boast of Old Tom Morris: "A when richt gude pair o' them did their best to pit our twa noses out o' joint. But it was na to be dune wi' Allan an' me."

VARDON AND RAY, ROWE AND BRADBEER.

No reputations seem to have been shattered, and none made, either in the match in which Harry Vardon was pitted against Ray, nor that in which J. Rowe was set against Bradbeer. Vardon beat his old Jersey pupil very easily, and Rowe, playing magnificently on his own course at Ashdown Forest, made even smaller mincemeat of Bradbeer. He gave the visitor very little chance, being round in the morning in the very fine score of 72. He is playing a great game just now, better than he ever has before, and it is rather noteworthy as perhaps giving a hint which might be followed by others to their advantage, that coincidentally with this improvement he has begun to



MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

make a distinct pause at the top of his swing. There is very little doubt that a pause such as this, if it comes to a man naturally, and is not too laboured an affair, must be a help to accurate hitting. If that is not the actual reason of the improvement in Rowe's steadiness, it is very curious that he should have acquired the habit just as the improvement began to be evident.

OLD BOYS' SOCIETIES

Rather an alarming prospect is opened up by the announcement that an Old Paulines Golfing Society has been formed, and that they hope to arrange a series of matches with other societies. As they can lead off with Mr. de Montmorency, Mr. Horace Castle and Mr. Chesterton, they will have, no doubt, a very good side. If, however, all the other public schools follow the example of St. Paul's, a man who has been at a public school and University and tried one or two different professions will soon have little time for playing an ordinary half-crown match with his friends, since he will for ever be being commandeered for some society or another. If there was such a thing as a tournament between Old Boy teams (which Heaven forbid!) some of the Scotch schools would no doubt take a lot of beating, especially the Fettesians-Lorettonians with Mr. Laidlay at their head. Eton, however, could put up some sort of fight even against the redoubtable Scotsmen; did she not provide so many of the English team last year as to give rise to accusation of favouritism? Then there are Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Cecil Hutchison from the Scottish side and a lot more too numerous to mention. The other English public schools could most of them provide a good pair or quartette, but would be weak at the tail end. Here are one or two pairs: Mr. Graham and Mr. Pease of Marlborough, Mr. Lassen and Mr. Wyatt of Rugby, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Croome of Wellington, two Mr. Scotts of Winchester and two Mr. Fosters of Malvern. A little patient enquiry through the "Who's Who" of "Nisbet's Golf Year-Book" will suggest many more.

LOCAL BYE-LAWS.

Since St. Andrews has adopted the new rules of golf, and lately made local bye-laws to meet the conditions of her own course, the authorities seem to have thought it highly probable that all competitors for the medal would not have made themselves perfectly cognisant of all these bye-laws, and therefore adopted the excellent plan of giving to each competitor, with his scoring card, a leaflet with the local rules printed on it. This seems such an admirable idea that it may very well be commended to other clubs also, especially to those on whose courses competitions are held which are open to others besides members of the club. Visitors seldom take the trouble they should do to get a knowledge of the local bye-laws of a strange course, and if they can obtain from the secretary a leaflet, which would cost very little in the printing, with these particulars set out, they would have only themselves to blame if they suffered penalties for a breach of them.

THE IRISH LADY CHAMPION.

We have a change, and one which seems to have come a little bit as a surprise, in the leading part of the play for the Irish Ladies' Championship; indeed, we have become so accustomed to see one of the Misses Hezlet or Mrs. Cuthell in the title-role that any appearance of an understudy comes rather surprisingly. Yet it is evident that Miss Ormsby, who beat Miss V. Hezlet in the final, very well deserved to win. She has played a strong game all through this tournament, stronger, as it seems, than she was suspected of being capable of, and this title of champion of the Irish ladies is one to be proud of, for it has been very characteristic of Irish golf from the beginning that the ladies of the country have played it very much better, relatively speaking, than the men. While the latter are scarcely ever able to keep their own championship in the country, the ladies come over here and take our feminine championship again and again.

THE LATE MR. POTTER.

A reference must be made, unfortunately rather short and belated, to the death of Mr. Thomas Owen Potter, who was for many years the hon. secretary of the Royal Liverpool Club. His retirement some years ago from that office made not the slightest difference in the passionate interest which he took in everything and anything connected with Hoylake. To the last he took the greatest pride in the club scrap-book which was his particular care, and was a perfect compendium of all things of interest in contemporary golf. Mr. Potter's death will leave a gap at Hoylake which it will be impossible to fill.

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

This should certainly have been an autobiography, but, as Mr. Hutchinson is too modest, the task must be undertaken by somebody else. To write Mr. Hutchinson's biography is not so long a task as most people suppose, for he is a much wronged man in regard to his years; he has been playing golf for such a long time that it is generally, but erroneously, believed he has been playing since the beginning of time. It was in 1886 and 1887, quite in his youth, that he won the first two amateur championships. Then, after a lapse of sixteen years, he fought his way into the final again at Muirfield in 1903, but was beaten by Mr. Maxwell. After that match he arrived at the conclusion that he was getting old, and that the young men drove too far; so he devised a driver so long that it would be rash to state its length in feet and inches or the number of cubic feet of sand that are necessary to make eighteen tees high enough to suit it. With this vast weapon Mr. Hutchinson's driving took on a new lease of life, and at this very moment he is driving a long way with it. May Muirfield be once more a cours. of good augury for him.

A SUNNINGDALE CADDIE SCHEME.

THE golfer has lately awakened to some appreciation of his responsibility towards his caddie and to the very palpable danger that a small boy, having once earned money easily and casually by carrying, will feel a lasting disinclination to any hard regular work. For the last

year or two the Sunningdale Golf Club have been experimenting with schemes for the benefit and education of their caddies, and by the kindness of Mr. H. S. Colt we are enabled to give a short account of what has been done. The underlying principle of the scheme was from the first that nobody, whether man or boy, should be allowed to carry clubs for ever; the boy, when he reached the proper age, must go and do a man's work, and the grown man must not be allowed to throw up the sponge and sink into a semi-lazing existence without making at least a resolute effort to get suitable employment. With this principle in view a Caddies' Register was instituted, in which were inscribed the names, addresses and ages of all caddies, the names and particulars of the employment of their parents and the nature of the employment that the caddie himself wanted. Copies of the register were printed and one was hung up in the club-house, and by this means permanent employment was obtained for a large number of caddies. Moreover, when the caddie had once obtained a permanent job he was not allowed to return to carrying unless he could give a satisfactory explanation of his leaving the work obtained for him. At the same time an effort was made to accustom the caddies to some little discipline and regular work outside the routine of their ordinary duties, to which end they were employed on various odd jobs about the club premises under the caddie master's superintendence. It may be added that something similar to this part of the scheme is regularly done at Woking also, where a number of boys are employed by the club, and at such times as they are not required to carry are set to work on various jobs upon the course; they thus, it is hoped, escape the inevitable demoralisation which must ensue from a busy and lucrative week-end followed by five slack days.

The next step taken at Sunningdale was towards directly fitting the caddies for earning their living by teaching them the rudiments of a trade; winter classes in carpentering, under a competent instructor, were started, and were fairly successful. The success, however, became much greater when for carpentering in the vague was substituted the more definite art of club-making, which had a more immediate interest for the learners and, even though all the pupils could hardly become club-makers, taught them at least the general use of tools in a way that was pleasant to them. These winter classes of a practical and utilitarian kind having been so successful, a much more ambitious flight was attempted in the shape of evening continuation classes under the Education Committee of the Surrey County Council. We must confess that we should have doubted whether the average caddie, having once escaped the thralldom of school, would have desired to continue his education along purely intellectual lines after a long day's carrying, and in many cases with a considerable walk home before him. The Sunningdale caddies, however, showed a really wonderful zeal for education, and some forty-five out of sixty attended these classes, in which they were instructed in "rural science," a branch of knowledge of which we have no exact definition; it sounds, however, very pleasant and countrified. The rural scientists are provided with a tea, which Mr. Colt thinks may account for some small fraction of the caddies' zeal for learning; but even if tea is admitted to have an influence, it is surely far better to have been bribed to learn than never to have learnt at all. The classes are only winter classes, and are now over for the present; but for a first year they have been wonderfully successful, and it is to be hoped and expected that the scheme will be more fully developed and still more successful next winter.

Mr. Colt's conclusion, after a very considerable experience, is that you must go slow and get hold of the boys gradually, and his desire is ultimately to have no caddies older than seventeen or eighteen, and always to make it possible for the boys to obtain employment at that age. There are, of course, those who think that boys should never be employed at all, and that caddies should be recruited from the ranks of the grown-up unemployed; it must, however, be remembered that those who argue thus base their arguments on the grounds that a caddie's life must of necessity demoralise a young boy; it is that danger of demoralisation that the Sunningdale Club are setting themselves to fight. More than that, if the scheme matures and prospers on the lines laid down, the club may in time be able to boast not only that they have rescued the caddie from the moral perils that beset his calling, but that they have made him a better citizen than he would have been if he had never been a caddie. It is the lack of discipline and regular work that is the danger of the caddie's existence; he makes money very easily and at the same time very irregularly, and he makes rather too large a proportion of his income through tips. Anything that introduces into his life the element of discipline and routine and the use of his brain for some other purpose than that of advising his employer as to the respective merits of a mashie or an iron must have a good effect, and the Sunningdale Club, together with other clubs which are, we believe, proceeding on similar lines, have set a very excellent example to the golfing community.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SWEET CORN AND ITS PREPARATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mrs. Lionel Phillips, Tynley Hall, Winchfield, Hants, writes to say that she has read with great interest the article on sweet corn which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE and, on behalf of the sub-committee of the Witwatersrand Agricultural Society, sends me a book of recipes for cooking the corn, which she and other ladies of the sub-committee have collected. Among the recipes are many which probably would be of more use for the ordinary food of the people than to those who only seek a delicate vegetable. We suppose the material to be ordinary maize from which hot cakes and many other things are made, with the addition of carbonate of soda, eggs, sugar, sour milk, lard, molasses, etc. I have no experience of the flavour of these foods, but being compiled by the authority of the Transvaal Department of Agriculture the recipes may be assumed to be useful. From my point of view, the best varieties of sweet corn are *not* improved by any of these additions. My own experience is that all the preparation needed for corn of the best sweet kind, as described, is simple boiling, and that, I am sure, for various reasons, is the most wholesome way. A little good butter may be added by those who like it; but I frequently eat the corn just boiled to the consistency of tender peas.—WM. ROBINSON.

HUMANE RABBIT SNARES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The dangerous nature of the unknotted snare has been recognised long enough, and most landlords require their own keepers and rabbit killers to tie a knot in the snare some distance from the loop end of it, in order to prevent it running tight; unless, however, this is done with the greatest care, the cure is likely to be worse than the disease. If the knot is not made big enough, the struggling of the bird or animal which is caught may cause the loop or eyelet to slip over it, and in such a case, there is no chance whatever of the loop springing back over the knot, as it might possibly have done, in certain circumstances, with a plain snare. The dangers of the plain snare and the risks of those having the tied knot are altogether eliminated by a plan which has recently been introduced on several estates in the Border Country. At the loop end of the snare a small eyelet is used, and about 6in. or so from it another eyelet of the same size is inserted in the wires when the snare is being made. The last-mentioned eyelet cannot, of course, pass through the first, and so there is no risk at all of a snare running tight. The noose formed when the end eyelet runs back on the other is of sufficient size to allow a bird to draw back its head, and even if it fails to accomplish this it does not hang, and there is a chance of a keeper finding it in time to set it free without its having suffered much hurt. Sheep and dogs and foxes, if caught by the leg, are usually able to slip the limb out of the noose, while rabbits are simply held, without being choked, until the killer comes round.—J. CLEGHORN.

FLAMINGO AT FRENTHAM

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was at Frentham to-day with a friend watching a pair of great crested grebes on the little pond, when a curious bird, which, I think, can only have been a flamingo, rose about 50yds. in front of us and flew round the pond, finally going down on to the water. The bird had bright pink wings with broad black borders, and red legs about 2½ft. long, while its neck was white and very long; it had the curious curved beak peculiar to the flamingo, and stood, I suppose, about 4ft. high. When it got up off the water, it did so by swimming swiftly along the surface with its legs doubled up; in flight its legs and neck formed a straight line at an angle of about 30deg. to the rest of its body. When at rest on the water, the pink on its wings could scarcely be discerned, and in the distance the bird might very easily have been mistaken for a swan, of which there were several on the pond, except that its neck was much thinner than that of a swan. I was particularly struck by the shape of the bird's beak, which was like no British bird's beak I have as yet seen. Are there any cases on record of a flamingo voluntarily visiting this country, or do you think that the bird in question has escaped from some private aviary?—D. G. ROMANIS, Charterhouse, Godalming.

[There can be no doubt as to the correctness of the identification in this case; whether it has escaped from confinement may be elicited by the publication of this letter. It may very well have been a wild bird, for the European flamingo (*Phoenicopterus roseus*) is now accorded a place in the list of British birds, several specimens having, at different times, been shot in these islands, though in some cases, at any rate, it is probable the victims had escaped from confinement. The flamingo, it may be remarked, still breeds in the Rhone delta, though persecution has very considerably reduced its numbers.—ED.]

EARLY NESTING OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should much like to ascertain if any of your numerous readers have ever seen or heard of (on good authority) an earlier record of a nightingale's nest than that which I am about to quote. Yesterday (May 4th), happening to mention nightingales to an extremely observant ornithological gamekeeper near here (Horsham), he at once said, "I know of the earliest nest of that species that I have ever seen." And forthwith he took me to see it. The nest was in quite a usual position—on the ground among nettles and other rank growth by the side of a hedge—and it then held five eggs, a normal clutch. The first egg was laid, he told me, on April 28th. In my own experience—and in round numbers I have found some fifty nightingales' nests—this is a wonderfully early record. Speaking from memory (my notes of bygone years are in another county as I pen this), I once found a nest and eggs on May 7th or 8th, also in Sussex; but putting that instance aside, I have seldom known the first egg laid much before May 10th, and often a week later. The curious part of the above-mentioned record is that

the keeper noticed the bird building before he had heard the song; strange, indeed, considering that the haunt is only a short 100yds. from his cottage. It is also curious to get an exceptionally early record of a migrant's nest in a backward year such as this is in many ways; but I remember one exceptionally mild spring, about seventeen years ago, when several species of warblers had eggs before May turned.—J. W. B.

THE BLACK REDSTART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

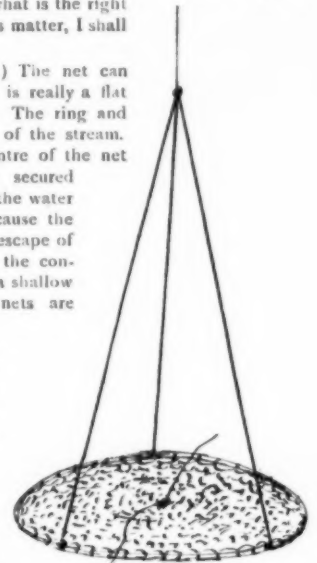
SIR,—A few days ago I found a nest of the black redstart—it is built in a gorse bush about 4ft. from the ground. The shape and material used greatly resemble that of the robin's; so far there are four eggs of a pure white colour. Seebohm, in his "Eggs of British Birds," says, "There is no positive evidence that it has ever bred in the British Islands"; so I should be very interested to know if any other of your readers have ever found its nest.—S. M. T.

CRAY-FISHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your edition of April 17th, the article on crayfish is most interesting. Do you think the writer of it, Mr. Malcolm Taylor, would kindly give me some further information with regard to the following items: How deep the pocket of the net should be? What size mesh net required? What depth of water best to lay the nets in? And what is the right time of year? If you can help me in this matter, I shall be most grateful.—T. AYLMER.

[Mr. Malcolm Taylor writes: "(1) The net can hardly be said to 'pocket' at all. It is really a flat net stretched loosely on the iron ring. The ring and net are allowed to rest flat on the bed of the stream. There are two ends of string in the centre of the net by means of which the bait can be secured there. When the net is swung out of the water the weight of the bait and catch will cause the net to 'sag' sufficiently to prevent the escape of the fish. (2) A fin. mesh is about the convenient size. (3) The stream is usually a shallow one—about a foot or two—but the nets are laid on the bottom of the part selected, at intervals, regardless of the irregularities in the depth. (4) 'Hay and barley harvest,' the expert will tell you, 'is the time to go crayfishing!' which may be taken to mean a fine night in summer or early autumn."—ED.]



AN OUTBREAK OF TROUT DISEASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Kent is truly an afflicted county. Its hop industry has been ruined by foreign competition and the increasing disease of hops by the brewer, and its black currant plantations have been destroyed by "big-bud," while "gooseberry mildew" has now got so firm a footing that Kentish gooseberries are almost certain to go the way of the black currants. To add to these misfortunes on the land, the trout in the far-famed river Darent are dying wholesale from a fungoid disease, and even the pike and eels are similarly affected. The mischief was thought to have emanated from pollution of the waters by surface drainage from tar-dressed roads; but there is no doubt that the malady has been imported by matured fish purchased from some diseased source of supply. For the time being the fishing in this once-famous stream is completely ruined. The question is, what is to be done in order to restock the river with healthy fish?—PISCATOR.

SCUM ON LAKES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will any reader of COUNTRY LIFE suggest a remedy for preventing green sediment from rising to the surface in shallow lakes during the summer months? A running stream goes through the lakes, which are stocked with trout?—SUBSCRIBER.

[Our correspondent will find articles dealing with the use of copper sulphate in getting rid of algae in ponds in our issues of June 29th and July 13th, 1907. Extreme caution is necessary in making the solution, as if too strong in comparison with the cubic contents of the lake, the trout would suffer.—ED.]

THE HISTORY OF A HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Recently the Hon. Major Courtenay, aged ninety-four, uncle of the Earl of Devon, formerly a celebrated Devon sportsman and a horse-owner, submitted to me the enclosed list of questions re a cob which has for some time attracted considerable attention and become a great local favourite through her amiable and loving disposition, particularly with ladies, and on my returning the "answers" with her photograph, he writes saying they were so deeply "remarkable and interesting that you ought, Dear Doctor, to send them at once to COUNTRY LIFE Editor and nobody else," and acting on such good authority must be my plea as an excuse for intruding on your valuable notice and consideration. The photograph is perfect, as also the lump of sugar, several of which in her time she has taken from my mouth.—THOMAS H. S. PULLIN.

1. What pedigree and from what stock or class of mare, etc.?—Her mother was an Exmoor pony. Father a small cart-horse, whose father was an Exmoor. Height, 14h. 2½in.



2. If mare, has she ever been bred from; if so, how many foals and by what class of horse?—Mare, Bessie; never bred from. Colour jet black (by some authors said to be the shortest-lived); on the 20th ult., her birthday, in the sun was thought by onlookers to have a velvet cover on her.

3. If a gelding, at what age was alteration made?

4. Where and by whom bred?—Born at Bulstone, Branscombe, near Sidmouth, on April 20th, 1874, and bred there by Mr. George Glyde.

5. At what age taken up and broken, and is horse still working?—Taken up at two and a-half years, but threw her master's son before leaving the stable-yard, and was not broken in until six months before I bought her in April, 1879.

6. What work has she been accustomed to, *i.e.*, heavy, light, draught or saddle, or varied and lightened as got older?—In saddle and light dog-cart and for last ten years in a light four-wheel.

7. Has horse ever been laid up with any disease, ailment or lameness and for how long?—Laid up for ten days on two occasions from vehicle turning over and laming her.

8. Has she been in constant work the whole time? Steady exercise or long journeys?—Hilly country or flat?—In constant work, with two above-named exceptions, the whole time; principally hilly country, 500ft. to 700ft.; journeys from eight to twelve miles to and fro.

9. Has horse been turned out to grass for any long period or only yearly?—Occasionally in a private lawn for two hours formerly, but not at all for past four or five years.

10. How has she been fed? Corn, grass green and dry (hay), roots, bran mash weekly, any physic?—Fed on bruised oats and beans—one peck and one quart daily respectively—and bran, with chaff of oaten straw and no hay, except occasionally when out on my professional visits, not having used hay for past forty years, though keeping generally in that time two horses, and during last three years the horse in question has had 3lb. of Pate's Molassine Meal daily, which I consider has largely contributed to its uninterrupted good health by its digestive and nutritive properties.

11. Has she been carefully attended or only ordinarily?—Only ordinarily.

12. Condition of coat, heavy or light? Blanketing, grooming?—Heavy coat, ordinary horse-cloth in stable.

13. Clipping, shoeing or barefoot part of the year?—Singeing and clipping occasionally; never without shoes. *Vide* No. 2 answer.

14. Have the teeth been kept rasped or allowed to take natural course? Present state of teeth, angle, marks, etc.?—Never touched until last year, and then a few slightly rasped, and bear a very normal look of a much younger age.

15. Does horse show any marked sign or characteristic of great age?—Not in the slightest degree.

16. Have any of the same breed attained such age?—Not one such an age, but three have reached between eighteen and twenty-four years.

A GLUT OF ARUM LILIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—A very extraordinary state of affairs with respect to the Scilly Island flower trade prevails at the present moment. There are thousands upon thousands of magnificent arum lilies standing in flower in the open, worthless! It seems almost impossible to credit the fact that there is absolutely no market for such magnificent flowers. They are in perfect condition and finer than have ever been seen here before, yet in spite of this fact they are not worth picking for market.—C. J. KING.

THE OAK AND THE ASH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The proverb appears to be capable of two interpretations like the ancient oracles

and, therefore, always right. From observations carried on for many years I am convinced that the oak is invariably in leaf before the ash (although the interval varies), but that the ash (while still leafless) invariably flowers before the oak — W. B. RUSSELL.

HERDSMEN AT THE "BATH & WEST" SHOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I have pleasure in announcing that the committee has allotted space for a large recreation tent, 90ft. by 40ft., for the herdsmen and others at the show at Exeter for the same purpose and conducted on the same lines as last year, under the supervision of the Exeter Y.M.C.A. Many leaders of the Bath and West Society are among the donors to the fund to cover expenses, and it is hoped by further help to quite clear the necessary outlay. We shall be glad to welcome all friends and as many of the newcomers who please to avail themselves of the advantages offered, and I should be glad if you could make this known through your valuable paper. May I add that letters addressed to the Y.M.C.A. tent will be posted up, and every provision made for writing will be free to all men who are employed in the

exhibition.—EDGAR J. COWARD, General Secretary, Exeter Young Men's Christian Association.

TADPOLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I was not aware, until I saw it commented upon somewhere the other day, that it was considered so rare for the young of our common frog to pass the winter in the tadpole state; and as now is the season for tadpoles to appear in so many country ponds, there may be some of your readers who may be sufficiently interested in them to try the experiment of keeping a few with a view to further demonstrating the fact that their change to four-legged, air-breathing creatures can be retarded by preventing their coming to land. Long ago, Dr. Edwards of Paris is said to have kept tadpoles in a cage in the Seine, so that they could not get to the surface to breathe, and to have grown them in this way to a large size, and kept them much beyond the ordinary time for changing to frogs. In these circumstances the following experience may be of interest to your readers: Last summer some young friends of mine had a number of frog tadpoles in an ordinary aquarium in the garden; there was plenty of weeds in it and the water was not very deep (averaging 6in. or 7in. perhaps, often reduced to only 2in. or 3in.), so that some of the weeds were nearly always floating on the surface. The tadpoles, which in that state are vegetable feeders, did well, and the majority of them became frogs towards the end of summer in due course. A good many, however, remained as tadpoles, and were still active as such when the aquarium was removed to a warm greenhouse on the approach of winter. A few more changed about Christmas, most of the resulting frogs dying, probably being drowned, but three or four continued as tadpoles until a month or two ago. The last to grow legs and turn to a frog did not complete the change until the beginning of April, and, some rocks having been put in for his use, is still an inhabitant of the aquarium—rather a thin little frog, whose chief sustenance consists of aphides, rather sparingly, I fear, supplied to him. One other changed from a tadpole in March and was then turned adrift in the greenhouse. These two were a month or six weeks later than any of their companions in effecting their change. For a long time before their legs appeared I had them under observation two or three times a week, and noted that, although they lived entirely under water, and no doubt fed chiefly on vegetable matter, since they kept very fat and sleek, they would always come to and worry a small worm or tiny pieces of meat that were introduced into



the water. These they generally ended by swallowing. They never came to the surface to breathe, showing that as yet they possessed only gills. Before the change took place they were fully $\frac{1}{16}$ in. long, exclusive of their tails, which measured about half as much again. The tails were very strong and stout, and the animals were much more powerful swimmers than ordinary tadpoles. In width their bodies measured close upon $\frac{1}{16}$ in. and in depth nearly $\frac{1}{16}$ in., the depth diminishing from about the range of the eye to the tail, the latter more than $\frac{1}{16}$ in. wide at the root. In colour the tadpoles gradually changed from about Christmas, from the usual black or dark brown to a greenish yellow, mottled with darker bands, so that for many weeks before they began to grow legs they much resembled frogs on the back. The eyes also became almost exactly like frogs' eyes. When the legs first appeared they were remarkably small in comparison to the size of the body, but as the tail was absorbed they rapidly grew, while the body shrunk considerably, so that the frog when it was able to hop was a good deal less than the tadpole from which it came; and the one now living in the aquarium (though it has been a frog now for nearly a month) is still little, if at all, larger than a September frog developed from spawn shed in March or April. As, however, I have already stated, it is not generally well supplied with animal food, and hence, no doubt, its slow growth. I will

only add that it is many years since I kept tadpoles in a very similar manner through the winter, and I therefore think that the matter cannot be so difficult, or so rare, as seems to be supposed; and I hope some of your younger readers will make the experiment this season, and next year, if they are successful, perhaps you may be willing to publish the result.—
LICHEN GREY.



representative of a picturesque aspect of old age. I think it might possibly interest your readers.—V. P. WILLIAMS.

HIDING EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is a well-known fact that animals often bury their food, but I believe that the following case is somewhat unusual. Last year some ducks that lived in a pond in the garden of a house in Berkshire were found to have lost several eggs from their nests. Nothing was thought of this until someone, in planting flowers in a flower-bed, drove a trowel into one of the eggs. One or two others were discovered later, similarly buried, which proves that the culprit was in the habit of burying ducks' eggs in the flower-beds. Since one of the flower-beds in question is within a few feet of the house, it is unlikely that the culprit was a fox. Perhaps one of your correspondents can throw some light on the question. I may add that this year one of the ducks has shown her good sense by building a nest 7 ft. up in a tree, and, with the assistance of the gardener, has finished the nest and laid some eggs in it. I trust that this act of foresight on her part will be duly rewarded.—A. C. M.

THE BAOBAB.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Referring to the recent correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE about remarkable trees, I think the enclosed photograph of a baobab tree growing

near Victoria Falls may be of interest. At 20 ft. from the ground it has a girth of 84 ft. round the trunk. The photograph was taken by my son, Louis Meinerzhagen.—G. MEINERTZ-HAGEN.

CLOSE

BROODING

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As is well known, the sparrow-hawk is often inclined to sit pretty closely—I mean that one frequently has to tap the tree containing the nest, or even to begin the ascent, before the sitting bird deigns to quit her precious charge. But yesterday (May 4th) an abnormal instance of excessively

close brooding on the part of a member of this species came under my notice. The previous evening (May 3rd) I found the nest, which was in an oak of moderate height (the nest was about 25 ft. up), but the female was not on and the five eggs were practically cold. The next day the keeper and myself visited the spot, and to begin with we talked in quite ordinary tones within a few feet of the tree. This was, of course, nothing very unusual. But shortly afterwards I clapped my hands vigorously, beat the tree with my ash plant and shouted vigorously to try and get the female off, whose head and tail we could plainly see, one each side of the nest. This was sufficiently extraordinary. Yet stranger events still were to happen. As is, of course, well known, sparrow-hawks are not beloved of keepers. Accordingly, about 7 p.m. we adjourned once more to the nest with intent to kill. The object was to get the male first, as he is always the hardest to procure. For half-an-hour we waited patiently, "terrified," as the keeper put it, by midges, within 30 ft. of the sitting hawk, and then I decided to climb the tree and put her off, knowing full well that if I did the cock would be almost certain to drive her back, or, at all events, to escort her home, as I have seen on many occasions. And that was exactly what did happen. At first both birds called to one another with querulous cries; then both came in close together. It was now getting very dusk, and as we decided to get the male first we refrained from firing, as in the gathering gloom size was rendered very deceptive and before shooting we wanted to get the female back on her eggs. She went on, of course; but, unfortunately, the male left on the instant, giving us no fair chance. Just as we were going a bigish bird flashed in over the trees. "Don't shoot," I whispered, "it's not the hawk," though I could not quite name the species in the now very dim light. The keeper did fire, however, and shot a cuckoo. Of course, he could well be excused for the mistake, as it was then practically dark (about 8 p.m.), yet I had felt certain it was no sparrow-hawk by the way it came in, for a sparrow-hawk always comes into its nesting-place through the trees, not over them. And now comes the really strange

part of the story. The female had never budged from her eggs, in spite of the discharge within a few feet of her. And, further, when—as above related—I climbed to put her off the nest, she permitted me to get within about 5 ft. of her before fluttering off and then dashing away through the covert.—JOHN WALPOLE-POND.

A DUEL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I should be very pleased if you would care to publish the enclosed photograph for publication in COUNTRY LIFE. I took it last year in Ross-shire, in April. It is of the wild red deer coming down for feeding, and at that time they are comparatively bold, also very pugnacious; you will observe that they have lost their horns.—M. CAMPBELL.

